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wrong with
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

FEBRUARY 2, 1981

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EDITORIAL

How CBC-2 can save our kids from becoming Mork and Mindy



By Peter C. Newman

Pierre Trudeau and Joe Clark have come to expect the worst of each other and they are seldom disappointed. Instead of dealing with Canada's burgeoning economic problems, trying to impose a creative compromise on oil pricing or attempting to resolve our self-imposed constitutional crisis, they're behaving like a pair of amateur tennisers lost in a bullring. On one side of the arena there's hapless Joe, flapping his cape as he tries to fend off impatient challengers who want his job. Facing him is Premier Pierre, who has renounced any desire to keep his job but wants to make some history on his way out.

During this disgusting interregnum, what little inspiration emanates from the national capital has come in the form of isolated acts of courage and principle by public servants. One such gesture was last week's resignation of Doms Anderson as president of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women in protest over the dumb and insensitive behavior of her political masters. But in its long-term effects, the most significant crusade now under way in Ottawa is Al Johnson's urgent plea for creation of a second CBC network. Johnson's stewardship as CBC president has been characterized by fierce political independence and a series of imaginative proposals which owe more to his

rural Saskatchewan background and Harvard training than his long sojourn as a deputy minister in Ottawa's grey halls of power.

His advocacy of a new CBC-2/TMS-2 network is less a notion whose time has come than an idea we must grab before it's too late. As new technology keeps fracturing TV audiences by providing ever more viewing options, most of the available programming is so overwhelmingly U.S.-dominated that our children are virtually growing up as Americans. (In English Canada, kids spend 88 per cent of their viewing time watching non-Canadian programs; the myths and values of the American way of life are so pervasive that our own heroes and preoccupations don't have a chance.) Introduction of a second network would double the amount of Canadian prime-time programming for a relatively nominal sum of \$30 million, providing a nightly commercial-free high-quality alternative for people who have grown tired of Mork and Mindy and the insane double entendres of *Three's Company*.

Within the next five years, some 80 per cent of Canadian viewers will have access to 50 channels on their TV sets. One of these channels should be CBC-2. Like every other cultural institution, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation produces its share of clunkers. But when it's good, it's very good indeed—and it deserves as big an audience of thinking Canadians as it can get.

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The blind who would lead

'God is an American citizen and voted for Ronald Reagan'

By Isaac Asimov

In the United States, an old, old phenomenon resurfaced in 1980, and undoubtedly it will have its effect in Canada, too. It is the voice of self-righteous, all-knowing, narrow-minded "religion," this time in the form of the self-styled "Moral Majority," which has as its objectives the punishment of those who deviate from its principles and the direction to all Americans of what they should read, think and believe.

The Moral Majority speaks with the voice of absolute authority. This is not to be confused with the kind of authority expressed by scientists who can only claim to hope they are right. Scientists expect to be improved on and corrected; they hope to be. Science has no "authorities," but it is an open and non-authoritarian authority.

The Moral Majority, however, speaks, it would seem, with the voice of God. How do we know they do? Why, they themselves say so. And since the voice of God is never wrong and cannot be wrong (the Moral Majority, speaking with that voice, says so), any spokesman of the MM is never wrong and cannot be wrong. The Moral Majority is, in other words, a closed, inflexible system, without possibility of change or admission of error. It insists that all the answers exist and have existed from the beginning because God wrote them all in the Bible and we need only observe them to the letter. Surely this puts an end

forever to any hope of social or intellectual advance or to any rational adaptation to changing conditions. For what does the Bible say? "The letter killeth" (Corinthians II, 13).

We have had thousands of years of experience with the kind of absolute self-assented authority that little men adopt and call "religion." We have watched the Christian nations of the world fight each other for many centuries, each believing itself under the peculiar protection of a God they all insist is universal. Each prays separately for the destruction of the enemy and jealously prays God's assistance in helping them bring death and misery to that enemy, although both sides, presumably, are equally God's children (Nor is it only the Christians. We see Moslems fighting Moslem Iran, with each insisting that the Universal Allah is siding only its own side while the United States is supporting the other.)

I suspect that the Americans of the Moral Majority take it for granted that God is an American citizen (naturalized, of course) and that he is, moreover, a member of the conservative wing of the Republican party and voted for Ronald Reagan. Despite the absolute security in being under "His protection," it is, as a matter of fact, a conservative God, who still favors a strong national defense. God will certainly destroy the godless Soviets, but he'll need a lot of

very advanced bombers, missiles and nuclear bombs to do it with. Scientists are perfectly moral people, to the Moral Majority, as long as they design sophisticated war weapons to control the population problem by raising the death rate—as opposed to any evil attempt they make to control it by lowering the birthrate.)

What's more, the Moral Majority type does not need to study science or consider its observations and conclusions to know that those observations are misleading and those conclusions are not only wrong, but deeply wicked. The MM has its own textbook of biology, astronomy and cosmology, in the form of the Bible, a collection of 2,000-year-old writings by prehistoric tribesmen with little or no knowledge of biology, astronomy and cosmology. To be sure, the Bible contains the direct words of God. How do we know? The Moral Majority says so. How do they know? They say they

know, and to doubt it makes you an agent of the Devil or, worse, a L-b-r-r-l Dem-or-t.

And what does the Bible-textbook say? Well, among other things it says the Earth was created in 4004 BC (Not actually, but James Ussher, the Archbishop of Armagh, a Moral Majority type, figured that out 3½ centuries ago, and his word is also accepted as inspired.) The sun was created three days later. The first male was moulded out of dirt, and the first female was moulded, some time later, out of his rib.

As far as the end of the universe is concerned, the Book of Revelation (20:12-14) says

"And the ocean of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together." The Bible-textbook, then, says that the sky is a thin sheet of something or other that can be rolled up in the same way a scroll of parchment can be rolled up, and that the stars are little dots of light that can be shaken off that scroll and allowed to fall to the Earth.

Imagine the people who believe such things and who are not ashamed to ignore, belittle, all the proven scientific thinking made through all the centuries since the Bible was written.

And it is these ignorant people, the most uneducated, the most unimaginative, the most unimaginative among us, who would make of themselves the guides and leaders of us all, who would force their feeble and childish beliefs on us, who would make our schools and libraries and homes. I personally resent it bitterly and I warn the people of Canada that if the Moral Majority were more numerous here, they will be with you there.

And what does the Bible say? "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch" (Matthew 23:14).

Isaac Asimov is professor of biochemistry at Boston University school of medicine and author of sci-fi books.



Illustration by [illegible]



The Liberals' man-for-all-regions?

A western troubleshooter gallops into the sunrise

By David Thomas

When the Liberal Party of Canada asks its computer to trace the profile of the ideal successor to Pierre Trudeau, the program will fit most of the arguments the way cowboy boots suit Bay Street leaders. Current fashion in regional cleavage dictates that the model candidate march with a long western stride, that his character be born of the open prairie and his skin be discoloured with the strength of the Rockies. The machismo should be tempered with a hint of Pacific mystique and, to reassure the party's ghostly presence in Central Canada, he must have impeccable business credentials as well as academic repute. No Liberal can seriously expect to lead his party without a command of French but—and here's the impossible part—this bilingual segment of a computer's imagination must be not only a champion of the West and a confirmed federalist, but he must be a lifelong western Liberal. Oh yes, he has to have nice teeth.

Stanley Roberts is not a man to tug at his cap and shuffle his feet in false modesty. He knows his handsome face, his gift-edged oration style and his record of choosing the right time and place make him more than just a "possible" in the coming Liberal party leadership election. Recently named president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce after elevating the Canada West Foundation to national prominence, Roberts barely attempts to deflect suggestions that his move to Montreal's business milieu will serve to enhance his eventuality. Broadcasting an apparently spontaneous prairie grin at that thought, he says, "You're more Macleodite than I am in fact, but I'm already a candidate, having been discreetly approached by Liberals anticipating Trudeau's resignation—the real one this time—when it will be the turn of an Anglo to perpetuate the party's friendship of Canada."

A pioneer draft-Roberts movement rippled across the West after the false Trudeau resignation in 1979. But the drafters revised, convinced that an appeal to the Liberal leadership cannot afford to ride into town as any region's favorite son. So, like suspect money laundered through a Mexican bank, Stan Roberts went east to shake off the western dust. His high office is down



Roberts, jumping up the ladder of power

town Montreal looks not west, but east across the city to the vaporous refineries that depend for much of their crude on Venezuela instead of on barrels poked into Alberta. The chamber, like the Liberal party, knows industrial utility is good for business and, with western oil and alternative threatening factors on every businessman's budget sheet, it went after a senior. It's a role Roberts knew he was suitably sought out in the early 1970s by bedevilled Simon Fraser University, where he was installed as vice-president to tame an anarchic student body. Then the Western Canada West Foundation lured him away to turn the quiet argument into a booming voice for a western fair deal.

With each successive assignment, Roberts jumps a few more rungs up the ladder of power and, though the 30-year-old despoils no millionaire's affections, the expatriate-born's mild gift over extravagance, there is no false modesty to cover his evident enjoyment of perks and prestige. Until farmers arrive

from his Calgary apartment, Vancouver home and retreat in his private B.C. hills, Roberts lives high in the Wynn Agency on the 44th floor, accessible only by turning a key where the elevator button should be, and which is muffled over by a hostess who keeps the hotel's favored clients supplied with coffee, fruit and pastries. Roberts is not above using his increasing status as a lever to pry his way into comfort. He managed to jump a two-year waiting list for apartments in the old and ornate Le Chateau, just a dash across Sherbrooke Street from the Ritz-Carlton Hotel bar where, amidst five decks west light, the weekly epicure in refuge to the likes of author Mordecai Richler and Progressive Conservative leadership aspirant Brian Mulroney. Already, Roberts enjoys it as a comfortable neighborhood haunt. Useful, too, for a man moving

Roberts' accent bears 30 km south of Winnipeg is what was then the entirely French-speaking village of St. Adolphe. Young Roberts, of Welsh and Ontario-Irish stock, was the only non-French, non-Catholic to attend Grades 1 to 12 in

the local school. "I spoke French with my classmates and English at home and I didn't realize there was anything unusual about it. It was only when I was 13 and began going to the YMCA in Winnipeg every Saturday that I realized my childhood was a little different from everyone else's." Roberts' French is rusty by 30 years away from it, but his immersion in Montreal should scrape the scale from it. His bilingual background has enriched him with all the subtly sophisticated that spread a warm trickle through the tommyes of peace-loving Liberals and businessmen. I had a boy-soprano voice and every Sunday I sang in the left of the Roman Catholic Church, even though I was a member of the United Church. So I have warm feelings about languages, cultures and religions—I don't feel any of them are a threat to me."

Roberts' rural upbringing left him, in early adolescence, unprepared for savage city ways, but he learned to learn quickly. The YMCA Saturdays deteriorated from water polo to clandestine craps games among the lockers as youngsters waited for parents to drive them home. There, Roberts was at first rudely lightened of his 15-cent allowance, but returned to begin his climb to wealth. "I could usually get my 10 cents up to a dollar."

At 12 years of age, the young entrepreneur bought his first animal and has been a cattle collector ever since, sporting one of Canada's first Chateaus. It was during his first cattle-buying trip to Europe that Roberts met, wooed and wed Pia Kreibitz, a Danish social worker he met in Copenhagen on a Friday night and married the following Saturday. That was in 1961, and the couple returned to Manitoba where they rented a small farm which served Roberts as a laboratory for his experiments in animal nutrition, his professional specialty as an agricultural economist. He was a pioneer in applying the logic of computers to the blending of cost-efficient feeds. Noting that Pabulum was insured as a pasture, Roberts wryly remarks, "There's been five times as much research on swine nutrition as on human nutrition—there's more money in it. We feed our pigs a lot better than we feed our kids."

Roberts devoted the next decade to raising both kids—he has five children, one by adoption—and animals as a full-time career. Work and farm life, in 1968 he was elected to the Manitoba legislature as a Liberal. But back on the farm could graze gilded up and Roberts temporarily quit active politics to become general sales manager for the Winnipeg swine marketing firm McCabe Grain Co. Ltd., the last Canadian-owned world-class dealer, which since has been topped up by a U.S.

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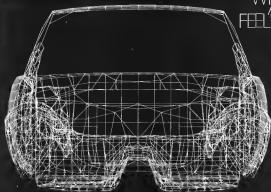
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multinationals. Meanwhile, New Democratic Party leader Ed Schreyer dominated. Manabete Liberals in the 1980 provincial election. Roberts, once again, was recruited as a senior and served his party as a senior leader for two years until a leadership convention that he organized but did not contest. During his interim stewardship of the provincial Liberals, Roberts acquired a reputation as a leader of youth, though he himself had attained the maturing age of 40. Again the right time, place and Stanley Roberts conceded, this time on the slopes of Whistler where he met Kenneth Stempel, president of Simon Fraser



University, which was then known more for lawfare anxiety than academic respectability. University authorities were helpless in the face of student rudeness, and Roberts' natural charm and reputation for having a rapport with the young led to his appointment as vice-president in 1971.

For whatever reason, his mission appeared to succeed. "It was easy. I didn't have to be something I wasn't. I did what came naturally to me. I empathized with the students and made sure that they were represented on every committee in the university. I got very, very close to the students and within a year we were working in total harmony. But I don't know how much was due to my gentle touch and how much to the times. The counterculture had passed its peak." But Stan Roberts' mission failed. As fund-raiser for Simon Fraser, Roberts' strength and contacts with the Western Canadian power structure became the university's de facto public relations arm, and along the way that helped do a lot of PR for Stan Roberts himself.

His last boss at Simon Fraser was Pauline Jewett, who resigned the uni-

versity presidency to return to Ottawa as a New Democratic Party MP. "Stanley is not, nor would he ever claim to be, an intellectual. He's not a heavyweight, but he's extremely shrewd and has great diplomatic skills. I think that Stanley is fairly ambitious." He was just the figurehead needed by a group of western business and political leaders who were, in 1977, seeking to turn their discontent Canada West Foundation into a vociferous defender of western aspirations. Roberts quit the university and took on the job. "I kept my mouth shut for the first year and did research on every aspect of Western Canadian op-

portunity. Then we went into the communities and held town meetings in every place of any size. I'd set up a blackboard and we'd discuss what kind of system we wanted."

Roberts recalls early a separatist movement raised as those meetings, though "it was easy to feel the current that was now really coming in." A crucial difference between Quebec's failed separatist movement and that just starting in the West is money. "The vast majority of people in the West believe they would be more prosperous as an independent entity. That's why this thing's so dangerous."

Though a Liberal himself, Roberts experienced the same rush of resentment when, a year ago, Eastern Canada disposed of Joe Clark's Conservative government and elected a new prime minister and went he lost to back in the town of Ganagan. When I got back home and turned on the radio. I learned that the government had already been elected before our local ballot boxes had closed.

Canada West's telephone team were jammed for three weeks by callers visiting their rage, and the foundation turned away donations proffered to join the separatist movement. The self-proclaimed separatist movement was suddenly stricken with labor pains when Trudeau suddenly dismissed provincial efforts at constitutional compromise last September during what many television observers concluded was a kangaroo conference. It came backing and screaming into the world with the federal government's subsequent energy policy. The West had been treated with disdain and now it was being mugged. "Ottawa decided it would bloody well deliver petroleum policy—but it didn't tell Quebec to change for electricity."

"The real score," Roberts says, "is that Trudeau may not be aware of what's happening. I'm sure he doesn't want to be the man who presided over the disintegration of Canada, but in his hands he has forgotten the need for diplomacy and sensitivity within his own country." The West, warns Roberts, has an established history of spawning powerful movements overnight: the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, Social Credit and the Progressive movement. He is convinced that western separatism could quickly become irreversible. "If any credible political leader took it over, it would be a rare route to an independent western nation. There is an enormous amount of money available to the separatist movement but those holding it—the businessmen, farmers and ranchers, are waiting to see who is going to use it."

With the West so volatile, it was no surprise that the Canadian Chamber of Commerce looked there for a new annual president. Nor was it a surprise that when Roberts accepted his move to Montreal it was seen by many westerners as a betrayal or, worse, the silencing of an important western voice by the eastern establishment. But for Roberts, fate had once again conspired to thrust him into ever greater prominence. "The Chamber of Commerce had made up its collective mind that if Canada continued on its current path it would self-destruct. Their priority was national unity, and these were the major words that were contained in their words are also the stock in-trade of Liberal politicians and, as Roberts himself puts it, the Chamber of Commerce is a great suspect from which to shout these. There is no other rebel that is as brazenly based, that reaches its wings, we can see it in Canada. And nobody in Canada enjoys as high a level of trust as business leaders." So Stanley Roberts has again found himself in the right place. And, if Trudeau respects his campaign pledge to quit before the next election, this may be a time where man has come. ☐

DATeline: KNITTLINGEN

Feasting on Faust

Debunking the myths about this notorious German scoundrel



By Peter Lewis

He bragged that he could turn metal into gold and that he could predict the future, but he failed to foresee that the alchemy of history would transform his flawed life into a gilded legend. In real life, Johann Faust was just a man, a lawyer, a scholar, a poet, a man of letters, with uncommon powers to hoodwink his glibbie contemporaries. Yet his legend as the man who sold his soul to the devil grew to engender more books, operas, poems and paintings than any other in European literature.

About 400 years ago the elders in Knittingen, Faust's birthplace in southern Germany, ran Faust out of town for committing "acts of unspeakable lewdness" with boys while serving as schoolmaster. Last satires, on the 500th anniversary of Faust's birth, Knittingen welcomed its notorious son back by inaugurating a museum in his honor and staging a 10-day Faust Festival. And Knittingen's present-day elders were so excited with public response that they announced last month that as old house near Knittingen, where Faust is reputed to have been born, would soon be renovated and opened to the public.



Knittingen Museum and Faust's actual home with uncommon powers

Keep in his lifetime Faust was reputed to have struck a pact with the devil to gain knowledge denied to ordinary mortals. Boasting far from Knittingen, a pretty Swabian village this now counts 5,000 residents, he billed himself as "Doctor Faustus" and claimed variously to be a doctor, alchemist, magician, astronomer and philosopher. But his penchant for boys kept interfering with Faust's career, forcing him to flee town after town. Legend has it Faust died at the age of 60 in an explosion while attempting to make gold.

Nobody knows what the real-life Faust looked like. The first portrait of him, picturing Faust as a hunchback with deep-set glowing eyes, was not

drawn until 60 years after his death, when his legend had already taken strong root. This grimace was still in the Knittingen Museum alongside documents in the real and legendary Faust. The museum is run by Günther Mahal, a 38-year-old lecturer from nearby Tübingen University, who has made it his mission to "set the record straight on Faust." The festival drew 7,000 out-of-town visitors, and another 5,000 have turned up since to explore the repository.

But the Knittingen Museum is unusual for having far fewer facts about Faust's life to offer than material on his legend. It must also stand unique among museums honoring great men for its inability to come up with a single kind word about its hero. "We must face the fact that Faust was an awful scoundrel. It's a wonder he escaped the executioner."

It's also a wonder that such a bonnier could live the legend of a heroic truth-seeker who was damned by his quest for enlightenment. Mahal is persuaded that the Roman Catholic Church was first to mix fiction with fact in Faust's case. "In attempting to discredit Faust's experiments with alchemy and black magic, the Church led it to know that Faust had committed himself to the devil," says Mahal. "From that it was a simple step for ordinary folk to conclude he had signed a pact with Satan."

Faust, of course, was not about to deny the rumor, since his purse and prestige could only thrive on it. He was already faced it in his own steeping grounds when he expired, and his legend continued to grow throughout Germany. It might have waned with time, though, had a book on him not reached England at the end of the 16th century, to be stretched up by Elizabethan playwright Christopher Marlowe. Marlowe's play *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* was the first to present Faust as a noble, doomed figure, and it won the old ridge from Knittingen European renown.

The legend, however, reached its apex only in the late 18th century when Goethe set it as the basis for his two-part play, *Faust*, portraying the hero as a man who seeks to burst the boundaries of human potential. Unlike Marlowe's Faust, who came to a sticky end, Goethe had his man win salvation. "The real Faust would be staggered to learn how his legend had been twisted," Mahal feels, that if Knittingen's son was obviously not the hero Goethe and others cradled him up to be, he was probably not as black as his contemporaries painted him either.

But clear as the legend may have been in his lifetime to Faust, would he or anyone his fellow Germans, his legend is his greatest trick of all. ☐



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WORLD



HOME FREE

The ecstasy — and the anger

By Peter Lewis and Michael Posner

Washington's wit-in residence was in form as usual. "And now

for the hard part," uttered a gleeful Mark Russell. "Pub-be-cy." The truth of that quip was on trial this week as America's newest heroes—those after 44 days of captivity in Tehran—faced a nation that had been a long time between cheers. A great national celebration, like none seen since the astronauts went to the moon, was about to begin. After five days of recuperation in White House and a blissful 48 hours of privacy on the grounds at West Point, the erstwhile hostages and their families were to fly Tuesday to a public welcome in Washington, complete with entourage to the White House and dinner with President Ronald Reagan.

But that was but the kick-off to what was bound to become a superbol of celebration. Around public buildings in Washington and elsewhere, around oak trees across the country, yellow ribbons large and small had already been tied. The national Christmas tree, dark for two holidays opposite the White House, had been lit. New York City, never known for its modesty, had promised the biggest ticker tape parade in its history. Airlines were offering free tickets, resorts from holidays. There were idle-time passes to baseball games, whole sides of beef, Persian rugs, lab coats, purses, hairbrush, car rentals, trap tables. There was also, what might prove more



Hostages in Washington (right), relatives (left) Janet (above), and Dr. David and Susan Cooke (below) hear news



useful, free psychiatric and psychological counselling. Far more than a celebration, this was catharsis.

But amid the tumult, there was also a cooling tide of realism. Inquiries—against targets as widespread as UN Secretary-General Kari Walden and embassied bankers accused of delaying the agreement to free their own hostages. The selective torture practiced by the Iranian captives (see page 18) infuriated Americans to the point that serious questions were raised last week about whether the U.S. was bound, legally or ethically, to honor the terms of an agreement reached under duress. No less than *The Wall Street Journal* and several congressmen opened that the U.S. had no obligation to comply. More reasonable voices noted that the consequences of ignoring Jimmy Carter's agreement would be far more ignominious to American interests than would compliance. The U.S. would be perceived as a nation that could not keep its word, future hostages in the hands of future terrorists would be placed in greater jeopardy, the Algerian diplomats who had worked so hard (see page 18) for a solution would be undervalued, and strategic interests in the vital Persian Gulf would be further harmed.

Adding to the debate was the agreement itself, which former Carter administration officials were telling us a good deal for America. Of the original \$12 billion in Iranian assets frozen by

Maclean's
JANUARY 2

HOME FREE

President Carter, approximately \$2.68 billion was returned to Tehran. Some \$3 billion remained in escrow to pay off U.S. bank loans, another \$3 billion was hoisted until the claims of other U.S. companies had been arbitrator. Washington offered a very legal apology for its prior interference in Iranian affairs and undertook to locate the American assets of the shah. But complex legal questions still surrounded the right of U.S. citizens and companies to sue Iran, and the creation of an international tribunal to judge corporate claims and a hostage commission to decide whether the victims were entitled to compensation.

The Reagan administration was studying the agreement closely, after initial signs of reluctance to comply, officials were insisting that the White House would abide by the contract. But the vice-president noted that the embargo on trade with Iran—imposed by the agreement—was under review. And Senate majority leader Howard Baker announced plans for a foreign relations committee inquiry, though he prudently decided it would not be conducted until the euphoria and the anger had subsided.

The welcome that awaited the hostages—a kind of second inaugural—was viewed in some quarters with concern. The chief psychiatrist in Wiesbaden, Je-



Carter in Wiesbaden (above), and shah, biggest broker tape parade in history



rome Kersch, said many of the 52 were suffering from "post-traumatic stress syndrome," a condition characterized by fatigue, anxiety, confusion, disrupted sleep patterns and depression. What they needed most was rest and recuperation. Said Louis Kennedy, a spokeswoman for the families: "You can be killed by kindness."

But in one sense the needs of the 52 were secondary to those of the nation. The 14th months of their captivity had been characterized by the same wishful importance that marked the American withdrawal from Vietnam. Emotionally, Americans had invested heavily in the hostages, and they wanted to spend their dividends.

At last, the smile said yes

In Tehran they became a familiar sight as they traveled in their limousines, with police escort, between the Hilton Hotel perched above the pollution on the shoulder of a hill and the downtown building where the Iranian negotiating team had its headquarters. Reporters crowded the negotiations for the release of the hostages took to studying the smile on the face of the chief intermediary, Algeria's ambassador to Tehran, Abdelkarim Gheraoui, at the end of each exhausting session. Some denied they could detect a difference between a persistence and an optimism.

There was little else to go on. Throughout the negotiations Gheraoui and his two colleagues, Algeria's ambassador in Washington, Rodha Malek, and Mohammed Seghir Masoudi, greased the country's country's Central Bank, kept their own cards as they jettied by Concorde across the Atlantic or by private aircraft on the other legs of their

trip. Only now has sense of the background to one of the more spectacular diplomatic coups of modern times become known.

In early October, when Tehran refused to answer a request that it should act as a mediator in the dispute, the arena scarcely seemed favorable. A five-man United Nations team had failed to find a formula for the hostage release and Iran's leadership was in chaos—its factions united only in hatred of the United States. But the Al-

Algerian ambassadors Rodha Malek (left), Gheraoui (front right), unfavorable arena



geria team was ethereal not to work, using the diplomatic skills inherited from the French that emphasize logic, discretion and attention to the precise meaning of words. They were also unflinching through. Their first act was to make a six-hour trip outside Tehran to visit the hostages, count them, check their names and ensure that all were alive and well. Gheraoui also spent many hours discussing the Iranian residence with the officials who acted the American embassy. As a result of the trust that established, the Algerians found themselves progressing from messenger boys to intermediaries

and, eventually, to the financial guarantors of an agreement.

Before the U.S. presidential election, Carter even went as far as to tell, then an audience later authorizing virtually any concession necessary to secure the hostages' freedom. It was evidence of the Algerians' expertise that they put the document in their pocket, though apparently the Iranians later found out about it. Their shiftness were also tested in the final stage to the settlement, when for four days they labored morning to evening at the agreement from falling apart.

As a nation, Algeria has qualities that make its intermediaries particularly acceptable both to the Iranians and the Americans. As a Third World Islamic state that did not side with Iraq in the current dispute, it was treated by Iran. The Americans, already cautious for Algerian material aims, welcomed its independent stance within the Non-Aligned Movement (it is not a member of the Cuban pro-Soviet faction), and its understanding of Western and Iranian thought processes. Only one doubtless Algerian's perilous snap—when, just before Christmas, Iranian hard-liners ab-

sented the agreement from falling apart.



staged a deal with a preposterous demand that the U.S. should pay \$10 billion as a guarantee for the return of the shah's family assets. The Algerians were furious. They canceled a lunch appointment and flew home.

That the negotiations had lost one of the main was due entirely to the Algerians' success in explaining to the Iranian the international response to Washington government by the laws and the Constitution of the United States. It was a difficult task. But throughout, the Algerians' reforms were motivated by the knowledge that almost as much was at stake for their country as for the main protagonists. Algeria's debt as a principle on the international stage was by implication a test of its positional philosophy—a mixture of single-party Islamic socialism and rapid industrialization. In addition, the Algerians believed, success or failure would have a decisive impact on their aspirations to succeed Yaghiyaoui as leader of the non-Soviet faction in the Non-Aligned Movement. They felt that they would be the only people to rejoice that these hopes have received such powerful encouragement.

—JAN MATTHEW

injured superpower and the passionate idealism of a people that also felt itself to have been deeply wronged. In reply to Western protests at their violation of diplomatic immunity, the Tehran media would pictures of fellow countrymen tortured by the shah's CIA-trained Russian agents. To the calculated diplomatic assertion of Carter was approval of the religious outrage of the Ayatollah Khomeini and demands for the return of the shah to face trial—and the retribution of the wealth that he had spent abroad.

Yet it was not all a battle of words. Pre-empting a threat from Iran to cut off all exports, Carter said America

Khomeini, and scene at embassy shortly after siege, pressure from Khomeini



would cease to import Iranian oil. Anticipating an Iranian decision to withdraw its \$8 billion in assets from U.S. banks, Carter froze them—thus a decision that was greatly to complicate a speedy settlement of the dispute. A report that the hostages had been bound and were being suspended led to official and unofficial reprisals against Iranian students in the U.S. As the justice department moved to deport visiting students, there were ugly incidents as campuses and airport Iranian residents.

There were moments of hope when Iran released 53 hostages—eight blacks and five women—on Nov. 19, and on Dec. 15, when Panama was persuaded to take the crisis, now ready to leave his New York hospital. There were also moments of despair, as even the escape in January of four U.S. diplomats and two of their wives. The party had evaded the embassy attackers and for three months had been sheltered by Canadian Ambassador Ken Taylor and his staff. When they left Iran with Taylor, by now a hero throughout North America, they were

But nothing seemed to help the hos-



Wreckage from aborted rescue mission
an episode dogged by bad luck

HOME FREE

tages imprisoned in their embassy. Not wanting to see the World Court in March in vainly called for their release, said Carter's decision, as the presidential election campaign quickened, to stay in the Rose Garden and concentrate on their plight, not, especially, the abortive attempt to rescue them by helicopter. In an episode dogged by bad luck, three of the aircraft broke down, and when orders to call off the mission were received, eight commandos died in a take-off collision.

The stalemate continued through a summer in which three events stand out: the reluctance of a newly elected Iranian parliament to seek a solution;



Queen, Kalp (right)
Just tried to say
the Lord's Prayer

An ordeal worse than imagined

Solitary, beatings and psychological abuse were the lot of many of the hostages, whether as punishment for attempts at escape or disobedience or simply as a means of accumulating information. "One very serious fact is evident," said former president Jimmy Carter after seeing the homecomers. "Our Americans were mistreated much worse than has been previously reported."

At week's end a full-scale investigation seemed probable as state department spokesman David Passagut promised that it would have "a good deal to say about the brutality" after further questioning the victims. There certainly seemed to be something to investigate, although most of the treatment might not have seemed out of the way to Vietnam War veterans and certainly not to Iranian victims of Bakhti, the shah's CIA-trained secret police.

At the least-dramatic end of the scale was the five months, solitary confinement noted out to Mahmoud Kalp, 41, Kalp, one of those who his captors claimed was a CIA agent, told his brother Richard in a telephone call that he was also beaten. Another who gave several months in solitary was the attorney's political officer Michael Metris-



Queen, Kalp (right)
Just tried to say
the Lord's Prayer

ko. Many former hostages talked of confinement in tank-like places and not seeing daylight for weeks or months.

But there was also psychological abuse during attempts to extract information and at other times for defiance that were less obvious. Richard Quisenberry, speaking out for the first time since his compassionate release last year, described how early on morning men in white masks carrying automatic rifles ordered several of the hostages to sit down facing the walls of a basement room. When embassy staff and air attaché Donald Sharpe refused, all were

the death of the shah, after lingering for months at his Niseh refuge in Egypt and the freeing of hostage Richard Quisenberry, or compassionate release. That left 50 former staff in the embassy and changed officers Bruce Laingen and two colleagues, who had been at the Iranian foreign ministry when the embassy was seized and were kept there.

It was not until the fall that two events occurred that finally led to a solution. The first was September's invasion by Iraq, which cut Iran off from much of its oil and, more than any U.S. sanctions, brought the country close to economic disaster. The second was the election of Ronald Reagan as president, a man who had the Iranian shahs fear might live up to his hard-line reputation. In response to the first development, the Iranians took the crucial step of asking the Algerian government to mediate. The effect of the second was to give urgency to the negotiations already underfoot.

The hostages' roller-coaster ride still had dips ahead, however. Close to Christmas there were angry remonstrances as Iranian hard-liners wrecked a promising line of negotiation by suddenly demanding \$12 billion extra. And as leaders last week soaked out the final stages with Algerian intermediaries

allowed to stand. But after, in dead silence, they had to leave to the "sordid" sticking of rifle bolts, safety chains. I don't know which. I just tried to say the Lord's Prayer." After that, said Queen, "when you wouldn't answer their questions they would say 'Do you want the man in white masks to come back?'"

Another who got the gun treatment was Elizabeth Hightower, released with the women and blacks soon after the embassy was taken. She told officials that when she refused to open official mail a guard put a loaded gun in a gun and spent the shambles. He then pointed the gun at her head and, when she again refused, pulled the trigger. After another refusal he repeated the process before putting the pistol away. Hightower claims she doesn't remember the experience. "It was dizzying, disorienting, dehumanizing," she said.

One motive for such treatment was explained by Morton Hoad, a City University of New York psychologist who is studying the hostages' experience. Said Hoad: "The effort is to produce a sense that one's life at stake. It causes the prisoners to be less of a person." In most of the hostages' cases, however, the captors failed. Faced with efforts to strip them of dignity and identity, said Richard Morfield, "each one of us considered we were going to come out with our brains unscathed. We went on that."

—WILLIAM LUTHERAN

and then U.S. under secretary of state Warren Christopher in an extraordinary round of deadline diplomacy. There again was a last-minute hitch. Finally, the ayatollah dignified the inauguration ceremony by delaying the hostages' departure from Tehran's Mehriz airport until 30 minutes into Ronald Reagan's presidency.

The airport slipped instantly from mind, however, as the hostages reached American-controlled territory on Wednesday following a 12½-hour journey that included a refueling stop in Athens and a plane transfer in Algiers that doubled as a courtesy call on the people who had helped for weeks to arrange their release. Waggled in identical green parkas with white fur-lined hoods, they jogged in an unbroken line of 35 from their countrymen that left none of them jubilant, the majority nervous or embittered and not proffering a few into a protective screen of indifference.

There followed a four-day whirlwind of impressions, not all of which matched the initial optimism. As more than 1,000 newsmen assembled for sizes, one British tabloid offered \$14,000 for an interview, the hostages went into a process of "decompression" that included long sessions with the 40-strong medical team charged with easing their return to the world, frequent phone calls to home and a \$15,000 spending spree at the Wiesbaden PX.

There was also a chilly encounter with Carter, blamed by several of the hostages for failing to free the embassy's captives who admitted the shah. "There was some bitterness towards the president," conceded state department spokesman John Cannon, "but as soon as he explained his position everyone cooled."

Carter's failed decision nevertheless may prove one of the harder questions for the Senate's investigators. Others were hinted at by former ambassador to Iran, William Sullivan, in an address in Washington last week. Why the Carter White House repeatedly ignored warnings of the fall of the shah and why it acted to estrange his successors. But for the time being at least the nation was busy indulging its attack of the golden, reconstructing the chronicle of the negotiations and the 11½-hour hitch that slowed the release of the captives, and revisiting the unfulfilled dreams of two ejlins converging—Barack Reagan riding up Pennsylvania Avenue toward his inauguration and the hostages moving through Tehran at midnight toward freedom.

With photo from William Luthanan in Washington and Ian Munn in London

Saudi Arabia

A council of holy war

By Claudia Wright

Signs over the gleaming eight-lane freeway that runs from Jeddah to Mecca advise drivers approaching the Holy City that Muslims should take the centre and left lanes, non-Muslims the right. A holy law takes precedence, forbidding by Islamic law to enter Mecca, around and as to the, the summer capital 96 km further east in the mountains. From the highway, the peak of Mount Arafat is visible. It was here that the angel Gabriel appeared to the Prophet Muhammad, as the Koran says, "At a distance of but two bow lengths."

It was down this highway as Sunday that King Khalid, the Saudi prime minister, led an extraordinary procession of Islamists. Altogether, leaders of 28 Islamic states and the PLO participated, including General Secar of Turkey, Zia of Pakistan, several central and west African heads of state, and accredited observers from the guerrillas that are fighting in El Salvador and the Philippines. Inside the Grand Mosque of Mecca, the procession performed the pilgrim's *Tawaf*—the religious ritual that has been the climax of the Islamic faith for nearly 1,000 years. As they made the seven times around of the Black Stone, they wore the traditional white cloth that has emphasized for centuries the equality of the Muslim faith before God.

For all their wealth—the summit



Foreign ministers Prince Saud (above) and Saud bin Mubarak of Iraq, now in Mecca, approach Mecca in the right lane



preparations cost more than \$2 billion—this was the message the Saudis were trying to reinforce as they mobilised, as never before, international support for their objectives. Politically, last weekend's Islamic meeting could not be expected to match the revolutions of God's messengers, but Western observers should not underestimate the impact of what was decided.

Historically the success of the third summit of the organisation of the Islamic Conference, initiated in Rabat in 1989, was on the preparation of the "Mecca Declaration," a call for Islamic solidarity worldwide. In particular, this was intended as a declaration of the world's refusal to accept the Israeli occupation of Jerusalem. But Fawaz Kaddumi, head of the OIC's political department, its chief, foreign minister, said the most practical result of the summit was the rejection—for the first time by many of the delegations—of UN Resolution 242 (the basis on which Israel's primary expert administrators, citizens, and companies and countries trading in these goods will now be exposed to a sort of boycott throughout the Islamic world). Said Prince Fahd, the Saudi deputy prime minister: "We

'A wind of disintegration'

Israeli Labor leader Peres on the prospects for peace

If the opinion polls are any guide, Israeli Labor party leader Shimon Peres will replace Prime Minister Menachem Begin after the elections due to be held recently during July 7. Last week, Maclean's Jerusalem correspondent Eric Silver interviewed Peres about the prospects for the Middle East.

Maclean's: You said recently that time is running out for a Middle East peace. What would you, as a Labor prime minister, do about it?

Peres: There is a wind of disintegration, not necessarily connected with Israel. There are wars and conflicts—Iran and Iraq, Syria and Lebanon, South Yemen and North Yemen, Morocco and the Polisario, Libya and Chad. Then we can see the nuclear option coming in the next five to 10 years. We can also see growing Soviet intervention and we can see Muslim fanaticism going hand in hand with civil awareness, with communist ideology. If all this is coupled with an ongoing conflict and danger of war between the Arabs and ourselves, it is becoming very demanding for the Arab side, not just for us.

Maclean's: Can Israel alone make any difference?



Pakistan Foreign Minister Aftab Ahmad contingent of 80,000 in Saudi Arabia

aimed to expand the economic boycott of Israel beyond the Arab states and to sharpen its impact. The word jihad (holy war) was used in this context in Tbilisi to mean an economic attack on Israel's primary export industries—diamonds, citrus fruit and vegetables and arms. Companies and countries trading in these goods will now be exposed to a sort of boycott throughout the Islamic world. Said Prince Fahd, the Saudi deputy prime minister: "We

should ask each other: 'What benefit have we gained by moderation?' The Saudis are offering to compensate any Islamic state whose foreign exchange position is hurt.

To Saudi officials the summit epitomised the country's determination to move beyond the violent, moderate stance it has preferred in the past. The Saudis were especially active in behind-the-scenes manoeuvring to create a collective security system for the Gulf Arab states—Kuwait, Bahrain, Qatar, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and Oman.



Peres: 'We don't intend to rule 1.3 billion Arabs against their own wish'

ter of the state of Israel. We do not want to dominate other people.

Maclean's: Would you be prepared to talk about concerning Jewish settlements from the West Bank?

Peres: I'm not ready to negotiate before negotiations. But I do not see any harm

in the Israeli, which argued for collective action to block outside intervention, primarily from the United States or the Soviet Union, the Saudis wish to prevent, informal forces as well from undermining the viability of regimes presently in power. In December, Prince Fahd, along with Prince Naif, the Saudi interior minister, offered to extend the perimeter of Saudi security interests to include Pakistan. Pakistan industry men and others are already on duty in Abu Dhabi, as the Gulf, and Indian sources report that Pakistan has sent several contingents to Saudi Arabia (Pakistan officials in Washington say their numbers may reach 20,000).

Both the absent Hossain Karbi's invasion of Chad and Iran's war with Iraq were especially troubling topics. After meeting Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud al-Faisal, his Chadian counterpart, Ahmed Agad, said that Libya had not "surrendered or overruled the country." No direct talks on the Gulf war were possible due to Iran's refusal to attend. But the Arabs want a political settlement and moves to achieve one will soon be continued. There is too much at stake for the Saudis. In their new role as Islamic leaders, they have other goals in view.

on the settlements remaining.

Maclean's: Even if they are under Arab sovereignty?

Peres: Even possibly, please gods not directly, under non-Israeli sovereignty.

Maclean's: The Labor party platform also says that you would be prepared to negotiate with Palestinian representatives that recognised the Jewish state (does that include the PLO)?

Peres: Yes. Because the PLO does not recognise Israel, the PLO wants to annihilate Israel and because the PLO is not a structure free from the fact that the PLO is divided into five or six different military, or semi-military organisations, does not enable them to negotiate diplomatically. Any one [of them] who departs from their platform of hostility to Israel may risk his life.

Maclean's: What do you expect of the PLO's future administration?

Peres: What I don't expect is that we will have 100-per-cent agreement. I do expect that the basic friendship between our two countries will prevail.

Maclean's: If the issue is not for military further in the future, what would you reply?

Peres: If it would be necessary for America and the free world, I imagine that our response would be positive. We do not intend to ask for foreign loans in our country. We do not want to stand between the Arabs and ourselves. We speak the love with them in peace, and if necessary to confront them by our own strength.

Britain

Birth pangs of a centre party

Current favours among Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's many reformers in Westminster is "TAX," the trend from the normal terms of her characteristic reports to criticism of her economic policies. "There is an alternative." Whatever the Tory arguments on the economy, however, last



Steel (above), Williams (left) and Owen: a genuine third force in British politics

week's Labour party convention, a watershed event for those unhappy with the party's tilt to the left, presented both Thatcher and Labour leader Michael Foot with the prospect of a very real alternative: a choice for Britain's voters that included neither of them.

For the first time since the turn of the century, when the fledgling Labour party rose to challenge the entrenched Conservatives and Liberals on the political stage, the possibility looms of a genuine third force in British politics. While the issue is north London's Westminster convention centre was intently whether MPs should retain the right to elect Labour's leader or share that power with trade unions and constituency groups, behind it lay momentous national questions: should the party accept more state ownership and reject both European Community (EC) membership and Britain's reliance on nuclear arms? Clearly, moderates in the party were worried about the answers.

Last week, at a disorderly "party of three" centrist-ex-ministers Shirley Williams, David Owen and Bill Rodgers—met with former Labour chancellor and to president Roy Jenkins to discuss their futures, an opinion poll projected asked to stiffen any resolve for a loose, but not a genuine, third democratic centre party, led by Williams

and allied with David Steel's faded Liberal party, and its 11 MPs, who lately have made little impact, could "steep the next election" with 30 per cent of the vote compared to 27 per cent for Labour and 36 per cent for the Tories.

There was little doubt that Foot, who had promised a program of full-blooded socialism if Labour were returned to power, would be working all his reformed powers of persuasion on the disaffected floor. But the party split was widening by the day. Former foreign secretary Owen declared that if party members considered a breakaway treasonous, they should consider "what is the biggest treasury—to put the Labour party before your country or your country before the Labour party?"

While the few protagonists and at least 10 other disaffected are barged their cards to their chests, Steel, who was involved in shaping a crucial Labour pact with former prime minister Jim Callaghan's minority government, made it clear he wants a division by Butler. "If we go on a differing note will happen," he said. Moreover, the larger issues behind the Labour party split prompted The Times to reflect openly that month's party loyalty was a comparatively recent phenomenon. "It might not be assumed that it is permanent."

—CAROL KENNEDY

Opening scenes of a new act

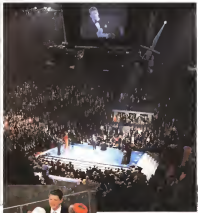
Ronald Reagan is sworn in as 40th president amid pomp and high drama

By Michael Posner

As if on cue, the morning sun stretched over Washington, dispelling mist that lay like God's breath upon the Potomac. From the soaring obelisk of the Washington Monument to Capital Hill, picnic goers kept their steady pace along the mall, as military helicopters flutered overhead. In the Oval Office not far away, a weary-eyed James Earl Carter passed the last hours of his presidency in a dignified, unassuming way. But 42 Americans had at least been granted freedom in Iraq (see cover story, page 15). Across Pennsylvania Avenue, in the presidential guest quarters known as Blair House, Ronald Reagan ate a small breakfast of orange juice, French toast and decaffeinated coffee, put on his club coat and stumped trousers, and prepared to become the 40th president of the United States.

The Romans would have understood this day. It had the pomp and pageantry of empire that remind some of emperor Minerva may see it in montage. Ronald and Nancy Reagan departing for St. John's Church on Lafayette Square and the traditional inaugural prayer service, the Reagans arriving later at the White House for tea with the Carters, the fear of them climbing onto helicopters for the ceremonial ride to Capital Hill, the parade on Saturday, and the inauguration ceremony on Sunday, as the inaugural terrace, Rosalynn Carter, still better than 40 years ago, foresees a political crisis. Jimmy Carter, often with fatigue but gracious in defeat, Nancy Reagan, her adoring gaze, unblinking, fixed on her husband, and Reagan himself—at 69, the oldest man ever to win the presidency—taking the oath of office on his mother's hill and looking out over the media crowd across this city of stars, while the helicopters sat on a runway in Tehran.

Punctuated by events thousands of miles away, it was a day of high drama, marking not only the transfer of presidential power but the resurrection of hope. Inaugurations mark the possibility of new, the potential of nations, and Reagan's address was faithful to the nation's economic renewal, spartan government, military strength, these were his themes. He had campaigned on them for 12 years or more, building a consistency that in time may be dem-



Inaugural Gala (above): Reagan being sworn in; not only the transfer of power but the resurrection of national hope

monstrate. Together, with God's help, we can and will resolve the problems which confront us. Why shouldn't we believe that? After all, we're Americans." It was a short, apologetic statement of first principles. Reagan spoke for 20 minutes and was interrupted eight times by polite, if not terribly enthusiastic, applause. What his message lacked in inspiration, it compensated for in imagery—the mall and the Monument, the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials and the hills of Arlington National Cemetery in the distance. More than any president since John F. Kennedy, Reagan seemed alert to the impact of symbolism. The western flank of the Capitol had been chosen as the inaugural site with deliberate care. Westward

to Reagan's own roots, westward to the uncharted territories of America's future, westward to "the great new beginning."

In fairness, the speech may look better in the years past. On Jan. 20, 1981, millions of Americans were listening with one ear, the other was tuned for the staccato language of bulletins, some confirmed report that the hostages had boarded airplanes in Tehran, taken off, left Iranian airspace, started freedom. Reagan heard the news shortly after he finished speaking and made the announcement over lunch with congressional leaders in Statuary Hall. And while the new president was being toasted with California wine, the old president was saying his last goodbyes to cabinet members and White House staff. There were hugs and handshakes and plenty of tears. In some ways this small ceremony was more moving, more poignant than the inauguration itself. Carter smiled firmly through it all.

the presidential reviewing stand, seemed to enjoy it and cried when the 200-voice Mormon Tabernacle Choir delivered the finale, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Later, the Reagan family posed in the Red Room of the White House for the



In brief remarks to various celebrants Reagan stressed again the need for quick action to mend the economy. Even before sitting down to his inaugural lunch he had signed an executive order calling for a federal hiring freeze, and in the first days of his inaugural presidency he went further, enacting budget allotments, staff redecoration travels and the use of outside consultants. There was more symbolic than substance in these institutions, and for observers, expected them to be stringently applied, but at least the administration could claim it was trying.

Reagan's first week in "public housing," as he likes to call it, was otherwise not overly astounding. He held his first cabinet meeting, immediately introducing an 18-inch-high crystal decanter of jelly beans, handed with Vice-President George Bush, and invited several congressional leaders for a short chat, testing the degree of support proposed tax and budget cuts are likely to receive. At week's end, officials were suggesting that the tax package might not be sent to the Hill until late February, somewhat later than had been originally contemplated; no one seems particularly concerned by the delay. The new Congress and the new administration still need time to take the measure of each other, and the nation is otherwise preoccupied, its attention riveted on the returning hostages. Their release is a political windfall for Reagan, one that will probably extend the traditional "honeymoon" new presidents are afforded.

As he had through the transition, the 40th president continued to seem somewhat removed from the daily details of governing, content to delegate responsibilities that Jimmy Carter insisted on bearing. Reagan's counselor, Edwin Meese III, is thought to shoulder the burden of executive policy formation, and when longtime policy creationists Justice Department and Justice Department's White House staff were told of the White House staff were told of Meese's career office on the first floor that they went, from this same office Henry Kissinger ran the National Security Council and—some believe—Richard Nixon's presidency. White House Chief of Staff James Baker III is said to be responsible for organizing the plans. He sits in the office from which H.R. Haldeman guarded the access to Nixon.

The arguments now developing may ultimately lead to conflict, but for now Washington seems to be enjoying Ronald Reagan's first week. He looks more comfortable with power than Jimmy Carter did, more confident, and he knows how to laugh at himself, a precious asset in a politician. This mood, too, shall pass, of course, and the Reaganites, who know this better than anyone, are making the most of it. ☐



On the subject's only trip: the star general (above left) and Jimmy Stewart (right) at the State Dept. Ronald and Nancy with George and Barbara Bush, addition fixed on her husband

not his artificial campaign smile, but a genuine smile—as if in his final days his presidency had been somehow vindicated. He stood at the door to Air Force One, on the terrace of Andrews Air Force Base, and his familiar was almost joyful.

In the excitement, more than 200,000 people had gathered along the two-kilometer parade route. Reagan had requested a short and snappy procession, not longer than an hour, but it started late, moved slowly along Pennsylvania Avenue, and dragged on for almost 2½ hours. The parade offered everything one expected: snarled dressed military bands playing patriotic music, high-stepping bands (Black uniforms, Audubon, policeman among them), some 5,000 hot-air balloons, 15 Alouette sled dogs and countless American flags. The Reagans, viewing the proceedings from

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The exit of an iron will

'He's a bully and I don't see why women should be bullied'



By Elizabeth Gray

OWEN has seen nothing like it in years. The Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, a permanent body that, since its inception in 1973, has demonstrated a remarkable capacity to forget to mail out its own press releases, treated the scandalous release and the nation at large last week to a four-day orgy of shouting, patronage politics and boisterous power plays. In a rising crescendo of threatened libel suits, a voters' affidavit and a succession of resignations, opposition parties in the House of Commons had a field day and Lloyd Axworthy, the minister responsible for the status of women, suffered a major blow to his credibility.

At the centre of the storm was opposition President Doris Anderson and her charges that Axworthy had pressured her five-member executive to cancel a potentially "politically embarrassing" constitutional conference for women planned for February (Axworthy

Anderson after a 'goodnight' she knew the real story was still to unfold

maintains his remarks were merely opinions which the executives were free to ignore.) Fearing to resign if her five-member council did not reverse her executive's decision, Anderson kept her word when she lost in a 17 to 20 vote (two council members were absent). But as she trudged guardedly away from the television cameras after a 4½-hour closed meeting last Tuesday, declaring "It was a good fight and I'm glad I fought it," she knew that the real story was still to unfold.

And unfold it did when a package of documents found their way via an agency council member to Top Air Pierre MacDonald and later to journalists. The documents were compiled by Anderson for council members to substantiate her charges of political interference, and they included the minutes of a Jan. 9 executive meeting chaired by her secretary, Shirley Ann Clark. (Clark resigned later last week in order to defend



her records and "Doris' credibility.") They were discussing a previous meeting with Axworthy in which they had sought his advice about the timing of the conference and had, in Anderson's words, "grieved as he hinted that a February conference would be politically embarrassing."

According to the minutes, they went on providing some examples. W.G. Gordon, former Manitoba Liberal president and a tireless Axworthy campaign worker, declared: "My reasons for voting to do with the fact that the minister is a dear and close personal friend." Florence Jevons, a Quebec City lawyer currently seeking a provincial Liberal nomination there, "It's time we started playing games the way the government plays games. It's time we started being true to them." Harlan Wilson, former director of correspondence in the Prime Minister's Office "I don't wish to embarrass our minister so I vote for cancelling."

What also emerged last week was evidence that the executive's president "wasn't honest" for Lloyd Axworthy, political practitioner considered with their own desire to get rid of Anderson. Florence Jevons admitted to Macdonald's that she had sought the meeting with the minister "in order to air other grievances, and it worked perfectly because of this meeting." Anderson disagreed with an Council member, Kathleen Baisness from Grand Falls, Nfld., who also resigned from the council last week, feeling "the internal problems between Doris and the executive were clearer to me than the political interventions."

Ironically, Anderson's problems be-

gan with the return of the Liberals after the 1980 election, bringing with them the reopening of the old Ottawa pipelines. (She was named president in 1979 as a political reward, an already-accepted, for having tried and failed to keep Mitchell Sharp's seat for the Liberals in a 1978 by-election.) Her liberal, uncompromising style, which earned her a national following as editor of *Outspoken* for 20 years, was not Ottawa's style and most certainly not the advisory council's. She was offended by rumors that her executive feared her intransigent and insensitive and even anti-French. And then she kept rubbing up against Lloyd Axworthy.

When the government brought down its constitutional package in October, Anderson sent a sharp note to both Axworthy and Pierre Trudeau and proceeded to hold a press conference denouncing what the proposals contained for women. The result was a clash of wills. Axworthy invading the country selling women's groups the advisory council was getting bad legal advice, Anderson orchestrating what was to be a brilliant legal presentation to the constitutional committee that resulted in government concessions.

It's not all that surprising that by Christmas an embittered minister and an upstaged executive should have a meeting of minds over the conference which, postponed once before in September because of a translators' strike, Anderson was determined to deliver. But if she was especially sensitive to signs of political pressure, she had reason to be. She had been warned. During the 1980 election campaign she decided, with the full support of her council, to terminate the contract of a researcher working for Vice-President McGowen of Winnipeg. Shortly after, she received a call from a Liberal backbencher she hardly knew, named Lloyd Axworthy, telling her to renege the researcher—who also happened to work in an official organization. She refused. The next time they met, Axworthy was her minister.

At week's end, with five council resignations, three from headquarters and more to come, Anderson threw a party for her staff. It was a party when she francophones and whose intense loyalty discredited the charges that she is insensitive, or anti-French. As party strategists, particularly Axworthy boosters, pondered which lands next to be sacrificed to save the golden bull, Anderson had a few parting shots. On Axworthy: "He's a bully and I don't see why women should be bullied." On the council's future: "Oh, you can't really crack that Liberal armor. You can only scratch and dent a bit. They'll probably set up some stupid study for six months and everyone will forget about it." ☐

The ghosts of poisons past

For three windless days in June, 1968, a U.S. Army helicopter rumbled over the treetops, spewing Agent Orange and eight other defoliants into the forest below, some of the chemicals containing one of the deadliest poisons ever made by man—dioxin. But this wasn't a Vietnamese jungle being cleared by the Americans; it was a six-kilometre strip of New Brunswick woodland, on Canadian Forces Base Gagetown. The notorious Agent Orange is now the subject of hundreds of lawsuits by American veterans exposed to the chemical in Vietnam, who now complain of aftereffects ranging from skin disease and cancer to birth defects in

children "in the tests in 1966 and 1967."

That in itself was an illuminating admission, since Canadian authorities have always insisted their participation with the United States and Britain in chemical and biological weapons tests was strictly to help defend Canadian Forces and was unrelated to the Vietnam War. A former defence minister, Leo Claffain, told the Commons defence committee in 1979 that "no research carried out by the department of national defence has affected the use of chemicals in Vietnam." Claffain told Macdonald's last week he had never heard of the Gagetown test and would have disappeared if it. Testate colonel Paul Hellyer, who was defence minister in 1966, also claims no recollection of the experiment but views it differently from Claffain: "It was perfectly natural." Canada would provide a test site for chemical weapons, says Hellyer. The



On Gagetown test site (above) Hellyer: then came the birth defects

their children. Its secret use in Canada was disclosed last week in a U.S. Army document released in Washington under the U.S. Freedom of Information Act. The technical 35-page account of the Gagetown test adds another grim chapter to the murky story of Canada's role in the Vietnam War. It also raises disturbing questions about the health risks Canadians have run for the Pentagon.

Confronted with the document in the Commons, the government was hardly reassuring. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau shrugged that "something that happened in 1966 is not fresh in my memory" and said he would look into the matter. Health Minister Mariage Bibeau could only add that he would check for any reports of a health impact from the testing. Her department later said it had no record of the event in its files. The defence department would confirm only that it had indeed "ex-





Guelphon military a service: the government was hardly resisting

policy against testing offensive weapons in Canada applied to antipersonnel weapons, not defoliants, herbicides.

As revealed in *Technical Memorandum 341*, dated October, 1966, there was no doubt in the U.S. Army's mind about the purpose of the test. With the Vietnam War intensifying, the army was looking for new agents to "ensure rapid defoliation of woody and herbaceous vegetation. To further develop these objectives, large areas similar in density to those of interest in Southeast Asia were needed." In 1965, Canada's defense department offered just the place—the forest at Guelphon, with vegetation densities like those of Southeast Asia.

The following June, the tests were carried out with the help of Canadian soldiers on the ground. Volcanoes of herbicide and dioxin from one to four gallons per acre were sprayed from the chopper and their effects on the trees were plotted for months afterward—sometimes by walking into the stricken areas. Agents Orange and Purple proved dangerous to hardwoods but not to conifers. Two other chemicals caused "moderate leaviness" on evergreens.

The tests were timely in Vietnam the defoliation program, dubbed Operation Ranch Hand, was to reach its peak in 1967 as U.S. forces struggled to overcome their "season's" forest shelter and kill the crops. According to the respected Brookhaven International Peace Research Institute, by the end of 1967 fully five per cent of the landscape of South Vietnam had been sprayed. Canadian authorities would have had to be alive not to know the purpose of the Guelphon test. But defense department spokesmen now are unclear on that point. Nor is there any evidence available from Charles Simpson, the colonel commanding Guelphon in 1966—he died two years ago of leukemia.

It was only years after the Americans left Vietnam that the hundreds of Amer-

icans in some batches of 24-D, commonly used on the Prairies to keep wheatfields weed-free; the department is preparing stricter controls on the chemical. At least three provinces—Ontario, British Columbia and Saskatchewan—have officially banned 24-D-T, mostly used to clear brush along roads and hydro rights-of-way.

New Democrat *sen. Terry Sargent* and *Sen. de la Rue* contacted the army report in Washington with the help of the Church of Scientology, which has made something of a specialty of its use of the Freedom of Information Act. That the disclosure about Canada should come from the United States is nothing new: revelations about military chemical cloud tests in Wyoming in 1953 came the same way (*McDonnell*, May 26, 1984). Which is why the army was impatient to know, finally, what other warfare experiments still lie hidden in Ottawa's blind forests. Says Sargent, "I'd like them to come clean with us."

JOHN HAY

'Dingdong! Eros calling!'

A new type of door-to-door salesperson is ringing bells for bored North American housewives the second agent. In a 1986 update of *Green's Tupperware parties*, "free shop" salesmen and women have taken to making house calls—in the delight of jaded, soap-opera suburbanites in San Francisco, New York and, now, Toronto, Edmonton and Vancouver.

In Vancouver, where *Low Soap* sells over five dozen *Hammer*, 36, introduced the idea last July, business has been so good that three other firms have boarded into the market. Built up by word-of-mouth advertising, *Hammer's* business now has 30 people serving 40 "Loversware" parties a week and sales this year may top the \$1-million mark before the year ends.

At Edmonton's *Exotic Nights*, too, by

Superior Boutiques owner Eric Telford, 41, the six-person sales staff is booked into March. For older folks, these parties take the boredom out of everyday married life, explains Telford, adding that his best seller is a \$31.95 vibrator topped with a jiggling penis. "A lot of people are afraid to walk into a retail store and buy this stuff, but in the privacy of their own homes they find it very exciting."

The Loversware parties follow the format made successful by Tupperware. Over cocktails and hors d'oeuvres (supplied by a hostess who gets a discount on merchandise and a cut of the sales), the rep talks up the sale, introduces and demonstrates the product and devices that are spread out on a living room coffee table. The agent gets a 25- to 30-per-cent commission on sales, which average about \$600 per party. Parties are made privately in a separate room, but occasionally a dining customer will make the nearby bargain before the full house. —Joan Morrison

Surrey, B.C., 'Loversware' party last week; (left to right) salesperson Susan McCarty, Carolyn Clement, Tim Toth on couch and, on floor, Lori Clement: dining customers



Sorry—we're all out of geese

Of course we are preoccupied—a word that has its origins in the preoccupation of the Christian faith.

—From briefing documents of Liberal cabinet minister Jim Flaherty

Any decent advertisement knows you should never distract a customer while wearing a lead suit when you're trying to sell a boring product—a toilet plunger, say, or a doormat. It is a lesson the Canadian Unity Information Office (CIUO)—Parliament Hill's creek-side squad—has learned the hard way. After the coast-to-coast shows over their "Canada geese" constitutional advertising campaign last summer, the CIUO—also known, divergeably, as *Propaganda-Canada* or, simply, *Prop-Can*—has been keeping an exceedingly low profile these days.

Inside any of it and when Phase 2 of the constitutional ad blitz is unleashed later this winter it will be markedly different from the soft-core summer campaign, which featured TV clips containing cringe appeals to patriotism with soft-focus photography and honey tones. The new campaign is likely to be regional rather than national—designed specifically to counter aggressive anti-Officer's campaigns mounted by provincial governments, particularly Quebec. It is also likely to be more pro-union, aimed at explaining the detail of constitutional reform in newspaper ads rather than relying on 30-second radio or TV spots. And, above all, the CIUO will seek to make sure the advertising is unobtrusive—that it does not become an issue in itself.

Many Canadians were offended by



Canada geese of preoccupation: a sort of highly motivated Liberal guerrilla squad

the summer campaign because it was, in the words of the adman, so "baited-free" as to be insultingly banal. Others had more serious objections: that the Liberals were using taxpayers' money to propagate their party's particular view on constitutional reform. "It is frightening the extent to which the Liberal cannot cannot distinguish between national interest and party interest," says Patricia Beatty, the Tory's advertising critic.

It isn't the first time the Liberals have been accused of using public money to push their own political agenda, nor of using the CIUO as a sort of highly motivated Liberal guerrilla

squad. Within hours after the Ottawa, the CIUO is still considered a "glance" department even though it has been lying low for the past few months. It has attracted personally ambitious and politically sophisticated civil servants, many of them francophones, some with previous Liberal connections, some newcomers, all highly talented. They report to Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, a man who believes the constitutional struggle amounts to a holy war against the forces of evil, a war in which all is fair. His zeal has reportedly inspired some of the CIUO's missions, one former bureaucrat says that "during the pre-referendum days, they all really believed they were out there saving the country."

The Canadian Unity Information Office was established under Energy Minister Marc Lalonde in the early 1970s and its influence soon outstripped its small size (an estimated 90 staffers). Peter Swain, a Toronto adman brought to Ottawa by the Tories during their brief reign, says the CIUO's power over government departments is "totally amazing." The agency was allowed to raid other departmental advertising allotments in the crucial pre-Quebec referendum days, so that in the fall of 1979 the CIUO had purchased almost every available scrap of airtime, particularly in Quebec. When the referendum was put off until spring, the Tories, then in government, were forced to scramble to plug holes on radio and television with ad armed forces recruiting ads. "It was not so dead air," says Patricia Beatty. "CIUO had bought simply masses of space." For the nine months before the referendum, CIUO

Really, Chrétien: a battle against the forces of evil in which all is fair?



that frequently strained credibility. Why the OGC chose to hear down on hand on Royal Trustco isn't clear, particularly when it didn't investigate a similarly essential hearing on a topic involving Narasimha Bharadwaj and Braisac told about a year ago and when for that matter, many Royal Trustco shareholders apparently supported the tactics of their management. The street view is that it's the result of a combination of factors, including negative investor earnings from the federal government, the blatant and clumsy nature of the Royal Trustco "self-defense," and a desire on the part of recently appointed OGC chairman, lawyer Henry Knowles, to extend the construction of the case. But after all, the six OGC commissioners presiding at the hearing proved largely ineffectual in examining the witnesses, seldom asking questions and often allowing glaring inconsistencies to stand unchallenged. "They really have their chance in the first matter," observed Toronto lawyer Bruce Rogers, one of about two dozen spectators attending the four-day hearing out of their curiosity.

In fact, the OGC commissioners are no less immune to intrigues than the group whose conduct they were examining. Knowles, the chairman, was, until his appointment, a partner in the law firm representing the Bank of Commerce. Commissioner Stuart Weiss, former chairman of the Law Society of Upper Canada, is with the law firm that represented defendant Donald Lew at the hearings. Another OGC commissioner, Stanley Beck, did not take part in the Royal Trustco investigation. His brother Howard Beck, a leading Toronto securities lawyer, emerged from evidence given at the hearing as a key behind-the-scenes player in assisting the Royal Trustco defense strategy, acting as lawyer for broker Austin Taylor, another key player.

The OGC links, however, pale by comparison with the web interconnecting the friends of Royal Trustco. The visits to country houses, the late-night phone calls at home, the chance encounters at interlocking directors' meetings—this is the manner of Canadian senior management, and it all came out at the Royal Trustco hearings.

What was frustrating to OGC investigators at the hearing, therefore, was the impression given by most witnesses that they never "boked" to one another and certainly never deliberately planned a strategy. Yet at the end of a total of nearly \$200 million in Royal Trustco shares was flowing, inexorably, into captive hands—always left facing a phase shift or personal view from a senior Royal Trustco official or some other key player. Many of those visits were made by Austin Taylor, the



White knight: Asper (below), Reichmann, not a member of the Club



multimillion power broker who emerged from Western Canada 2½ years ago to take over McLeod's in Toronto and who has connections everywhere—including the famous U.S. Buckley family as in-laws. Taylor told the hearing that the Royal Trustco "strategy group" met every day during the early days of the take-over bid, but that they just talked about "things"—without apparently ever knowing who was buying Royal's shares. Taylor said the group at various times believed as much as 30 per cent of Royal's shares were in "safe hands." Yet earlier evidence indicated that Taylor discussed plans to purchase shares for both To and Oxford—while in effect tied up 30 per cent in one fell swoop, though the two blocks ended up being bought separately—with both sides subsequently

claiming they knew nothing about the other's purchase. Curiously, To's testimony and Lew's on this point do not coincide—one of the few glaring ones in which the "whisper" does not play.

The big surprise is emergence from the OGC investigation was the detail surrounding Royal's apparent attempts to lure in a "white knight" to save itself from Campau's clutches, and particularly its offer of white knight candidates. Having recently rejected Campau, Taylor testified that Royal made outright overtures to Israel Asper, Winnipeg financier and a major shareholder of CanWest Capital Corp., whose other holdings include Monarch and Crown Trust. If Campau isn't a member of "the club," Asper certainly isn't either—yet Taylor said he took a proposal from Asper to White to buy 100 per cent of Royal. When that deal foundered, Asper then took Royal to Olympia & York Development Corp.—this, in spite of the fact that one of the reasons given for rejecting Campau's bid was, as Taylor said, that "the nature of Campau's business—development—seemed particularly ill-fitting with the nature of Royal Trustco's business." OGC's Paul Reichmann was able to extract from the desperate Ken White a promise of two friendly seats on the Royal Trustco board—again in spite of the fact that William McLeod of the Bank of Montreal was duly turned down when he proposed a similar compromise two weeks earlier on behalf of Robert Campau. The role of the Reichmanns, the role of Oxford, the fact that it was Campau who made the bid in the first place—these point to another interesting feature: the rapid evolution of Canada's developers into giant holding companies.

What emerged from the OGC hearing, in spite of attempts by almost every witness to give it form or deny it, was a carefully mounted plot to defend Royal Trustco from a cash offer made to shareholders in the open market. What the regulators—including federal officials currently mounting their own separate investigation—must decide is whether those actions were taken to ensure. The question becomes how far the management of a public company can go to resist short-term gain to shareholders if they believe it is truly in the long-range interests of the company and shareholders to maintain current ownership and management. The fact that the Royal Trustco defense fund was made up "largely of shareholders' money from other publicly held companies and directed there by managers motivated by strategic gummachup means the Royal has probably lost its claim on public sympathy—deserting the key players who took it there as well.

The load not taken

For ease, industry and ideology were not at war, the proaic calculations of profit margins and output per man-hour were at one with the vision of Canadian nationalism. Four years ago, the country's largest appliance manufacturer was formed by merging the ailing appliance divisions of two Canadian companies, GSE Inc. and two U.S.-controlled companies, Canadian General Electric Company Ltd (CGE) and Westinghouse Canada Ltd. The new Canadian Appliance Manufacturing Company (CAM Co) set out to overcome the curses of branch plant manufacturing. This was to be an efficient checkmate, hiding behind protective tariffs, but a big-spending giant, capable of competing with U.S. industry leaders. And to top it off, CAM Co had full control by GSE (now owned 50 per cent of voting stock and 40 per cent of the equity), a significant boost to Canadian ownership in an industry dominated by U.S. multinationals.

So motivated by this sense was Jean Chrétien, then minister of industry trade and commerce, that he whisked it past the disapproving eyes of the neo-conservative branch of consumer and corporate affairs and blessed the birth of the new company by announcing it himself. The Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) was equally accommodating. For two years FIRA had refused the repeated applications of U.S.-controlled White Consolidated Industries (WCI) to purchase the appliance division of Westinghouse Canada, but

permitted CAM Co to buy it for \$16 million less than WCI had been willing to pay.

CAM Co got the green because it was Canadian. But the theory that Canadian ownership is inherently better has not held true for CAM Co. Last week, GSE announced its intention to sell its interest to its partner, Canadian General Electric, for \$21.4 million, pending FIRA approval. Basically, the two had differed over investment strategy. The U.S. company wanted to seek substantial resources (into CAM Co, GSE did not). Furthermore, because GSE started to get cold feet early in 1980, CAM Co has not lived up to its commitment to FIRA.



GSE chairman Allan Cartwright (above) CAM Co's shunted as cheapskate

At the moment with CAM Co, was not suitable for GSE, it makes more sense for the much larger GSE, whose parent, General Electric, is a major appliance manufacturer in the United States. GSE plans to spend \$50 million on CAM Co over the next five years. CAM Co, whose labels include Benetton, Hotpoint and McGary, has by no means proved itself yet. With sales of \$300 million, it lost money in the first nine months of 1980 and expects still to marginalize CAM Co, add a 30-per-cent gap to close before it can match U.S. prices. Narrowing the gap will become essential by January, 1983, when tariffs start to drop from 30 per cent to 12.5 per cent in 1983. William Husted, president, predicts that only two full-line manufacturers will survive and be seen to head one of them. "There is no question in my mind about this company. We know where we're going. If anything, we'll overshoot ourselves." If CAM Co does succeed, it will be no typical U.S. branch plant. Unfortunately, it will be no Canadian success story, either.

Keeping the natives at bay

A broadside of backshot coming from shotguns on the Reagan gun rack

By Roderick McQueen

The first thing to remember about naming American presidents is that they don't always get what they want. Jimmy Carter, for example, took his way to the top in 1976 by promising he'd balance the budget. Four years later, the deficit was a lit \$5 billion. Gerry Ford stepped in with the grace of a penguin and stambled out on the grant of a pardon. Richard Nixon preached law and order but promised break and enter. All of this is more than just politics as damaged goods. It's the sheer inability of any one man to steer the high road or give shape to his fervent vision. It's also more than just some other (frequent) nation's internal nonsense. For Canada, perched on that cold northern doorstep, grant some results go with the geography.

Last week's magazine of Ronald Reagan, the thinking man's Clint Eastwood, insists that the White House is bursting with smoke signals and more smoke signals that are about to close across the land and spill over the border. Coming too, from the man with the peacemaker hair and the Platonic chin, is a new brand of economics that's bound to hit Canada, perhaps even before he visits Ottawa in the planned pre-Rogers trip. Imagine the surprise for Reagan, who as he is a true sort of wolf in a sheep's suit, that the relationship, when he finds that the Moonie who opens his car door at the Peace Tower is not Nelson Eldy, and the prevailing sense minister is not R.B. Bennett. Instead, he'll find an even more money lot. He will bring beads for Joe Clark, the Eyedea Man of the Tory party, and offer a surge for Pierre Trudeau, a legend in his own mind. Clark will court the beads to see if they confirm his leadership. Trudeau will take the mirror home and stare to death star by admiringly into it.

The trouble will be enough to keep the natives happy, for, as former MP Bob Thain once said, "The Americans are our best friends, whether we like it or not." What even those best

friends won't tell you these days, however, is what else is in the Italy spill from the south. First, with Reagan's renewed environmental views, Canada will need to wear umbrellas to warn of more aid rain in the winds. Worse, our economy will receive a broadside of backshot from shotguns on the Reagan gun rack. As he looks back to the past for apt comparisons, he finds evidence in President Roosevelt's New Deal for his "new beginnings." But F.D.R. supports are as clear in direction as a re-



solving door because the times they are not the times today. F.D.R. had a perceived emergency, armed national will and a ready Congress. Unemployment ran at one-quarter of the population, today it is a stagnation that is endemic.

It's this current combination of chronic inflation, high unemployment and slow or no growth that Reagan plans to tackle with what's called "supply side" economics. Success may not be assured, but it is a different direction. For decades the practice has been for demand to be pumped up by government spending with supply responding to meet that demand. Recently, however, supply hasn't been growing fast enough either to create jobs or to absorb government-massed demand. The result is both inflation and unemployment.

Reagan's three main threats include a 15-per-cent tax cut, reduction in government spending and increased defence spending. These moves, says his advisers, will fight inflation by raising

incentives, productivity and output, they will also close the budget gap by generating additional tax revenue. But the tax cut proposed originally by Congressman Jack Kemp, a well-known short-order cook, is no deeper or more anti-inflationary than Canada's annual indexing. Now is the increase in defence spending likely to mean that total tax is any higher than the increase Carter pledged in his last year. Further, the money supply will stay tight, thus crimping credit and keeping interest rates high. What inflation does occur may only increase inflation.

In short, Reaganomics is no surefire formula. There is, too, his spotty track record as governor in California, where he campaigned on a pledge not to raise taxes, then four weeks after inauguration proposed a \$20-million tax increase. A month later, he asked for almost \$1 billion. If what he does, or does not do, causes another recession, as well it might, Canada will be affected immediately because the U.S. buys two-thirds of our exports. Recession there, tank here. And if U.S. interest rates stay sky high, Canada's will also, or so argues the central bank, to stop investment from drifting elsewhere.

Reagan's appealing facade does offer, however, more than the apparent isolation of Carter. The inaugural balls were more than merry-making—they show the basic good cheer and great third fourth of America. The face of America may be ugly, the mind a bit wonky, but the country's soul remains optimistic. For all its cranking faults and crazy fancies, every four years comes electoral renewal, the chance for change. Every new man who steps in stoops first to steady himself as he dumbs as the shoulders of those who have gone before. The real thing to remember amid the hoopla and lunacy is that Reagan is very much a realist. Talking to reporters after the election, he approvingly quoted Abraham Lincoln, who said, "Well, boys, your troubles are over now; mine have just begun." Canada's too.



A delta wing and a prayer

Canada's ski jumpers are winning and may revolutionize the sport



By Andy Shaw

The tradition for Canada's international ski jumpers was to finish well back and save their true high-flying for the post-jump parties. Until, that is, an embarrased Canadian Ski Association disbanded the national senior jumping team in the mid-1970s. Set in 1973, Horst Bulau, a carpenter's son from Ottawa, broke tradition and won the World Junior Ski Jumping Championships in Quebec City. Then last winter, Steve Collins, an Okanagan from Thunder Bay, Ont., at 15 outscored even those in the thick-knee by winning a senior World Cup meet in Lahti, Finland. Earlier he had set a record point total when he won the second straight World Junior title for Canada, despite what some saw as sloppy style—jumping with his in a snowplow rather than held classically parallel. This year as an estimated 50 million Europeans woke New Year's Day and switched on the traditional jumping telecast from Garmisch-Partenkirchen, West Germany, the first to leap into their living rooms was Bulau, flying snowplow.

Bulau, seen in West Germany, on the winner's stand. If works on an airplane



The 19-year-old each out the gate that blew others ashore that day and landed with a World Cup victory. It was a win that confounded Canadians, if not as a new ski jumping power, then certainly as revolutionaries. Observed former jumper, Art Devlin, "You've got two young boys in Bulau and Collins that are just naturals. They are loose yet they do what they are told and they obviously train in Thunder Bay, in all sorts of conditions. Some of the top jumpers really panicked in Garmisch but Bulau didn't. They have what I call a delta-wing style that comes natural to them. As Horst tells me—if it works on an airplane, why not on a human?"

It was an airplane that got the Canadians off to a slow start in the sparkling Bavarian resort at Oberstdorf, Germany, in the 30. The Oberstdorf meet was first on the World Cup calendar this year after Cortina, Italy's pre-Christmas meet was cancelled for lack of snow. Oberstdorf was also the first meet of the traditional intersport-Springerturniere, a four-event tournament considered the Wimbledon of ski jumping. Bulau, Collins, Ron Richards

of Orlans, Ont., and Tom Thompson of Vancouver, B.C., jumped with only two days' training and the jet last showed. Only Balazs jumped well enough on his first try to make the second round of the best 50. He finished 16th. Collins, much admired in Europe because of his record December leap in hometown Thunder Bay, landed 10 metres short in his first round. He landed 58th and was left wondering about his technique. Two days later in Garmisch, Collins did make the second round but was, going to 14 km per hour, twice the allowable limit, halted the most repeatedly and threatened disqualification. Balazs' intended opening first leap had been a solid 55 metres, third best of the first round. Collins struggled for a first jump of 82.5 metres, then the winds blew.

Chances, perched on a nearby tower, pointed skyward to swirling clouds, then dropped the arm, as a signal to their jumpers when winds seemed manageable enough to go. Only one jumper cleared 100 metres before it got down to Balazs, second-place Joachim Riest of West Germany and his leader, veteran World Cupper Per Bergerud of Norway. On the go sign from Canada's American coach, Bill Bakke of Montreal, Wis., Balazs hopped into the track, swooshed down to the lip at 96 km per hour and sprang into space. He landed more than a football field away, 106.5 metres. Riest, faltered to 90.5 and Bergerud got to 95.5 but it was not enough to hold off Balazs. Collins improved to 74 metres, winning up 26th, and walked off, as his custom, without comment. Balazs was cheered to the rafters and he will be interviewed in German, then during of the television coverage he had begun.

"Hard did it where it mattered most. He did it in Germany," said coach Bakke. By the time training started for his third meet in Innsbruck, Austria, Jan 4, Balazs was a bit stiff. Working in his room for a massage from Bakke, the lanky Balazs lounged on his bed and politely responded to questions while roommate Collins scurried away at the busier of his duties. "I'm kind of like a jumper. I started alpine skiing and had lots of fun flying off the bumps. So one day my father said, 'Why don't you try it for real?' I had my first jumping ski when I was 15."

Balazs admits that his sport demands a kind of hard work but "it's fun for fun." With only three world-class jumps in Canada, the sport and its stars don't enjoy the popularity of the downhillers, and the jumpers' budget is barely a quarter of the alpine team's. But it draws crowds in Europe. At the second world-class meet in Niseko, Japan, Jan 10, Balazs overflew with 106.0m, spectators Balazs and Collins cooed when they "ketch air," says Balazs. "That's why we like the jump in Thera-

reins, about the height of a 60-story skyscraper."

Such Balazs' wit and Collins' the year before came in the wind, and both say the ideal wind is one that blows straight up the hill. The only thing coming up the hill at the third meet in Innsbruck was fog. Balazs and Collins could do no better than 82th and 81st respectively in the dead air. At the year's final meet in Innsbruck, Austria, conditions were much the same. The only things stirring were spectators filled to a sherry level with the local Vogelbeer-Schnaps. Balazs was 36th and Collins sprang late on his second attempt and dropped to 67th.

"This is the toughest lesson to learn," said Balazs. "These boys aren't like the ones downhillers yet. It will be a while before they are consistent." But like the men downhillers, the Canadian skijumpers have already made their mark on the sport. A number of jumpers, especially younger ones, are now flying snowflakes. For Balazs in Innsbruck there was also the consolation of knowing that his win was the first ever by a Canadian in the 20 years of the four-jump tournament. He wound up a highly respectable 16th out of 111 entries in final tournament standings and he is currently eighth in World Cup standings. Collins finished 46th in the tournament and much like female gymnasts is trying to adjust to a body grown bigger, 115 pounds now—not quite the 90-100-pound 95 pounds of last year.

"Steve's maturing physically and that has meant he has had to change the way he jumps. But he's coming to grips with it," said Balazs. Coming to grips with his jumpers' characters has been Balazs' biggest challenge. "Balazs is good at everything he does (Hart) raced as an alpine skier and water skier and he's been a good golfer including school. For Steve, school is not his bag, so he feels tremendous pressure to prove he is good at something else." Though different, Collins and Balazs both share what their predecessors of the national team did not—self-discipline.

Balazs placed eighth at Liberec, Czechoslovakia, Jan 11, to move into sixth place over-all and boosted the Canadian team into fifth place, one point behind West Germany. Balazs and Collins then returned to Canada for the Eastern Canadian cup competition. Balazs easily won his division with a jump that tied the hill record on the 78-metre jump at Mount St. Anne, Que. Collins continued to have problems, barely getting the junior title. They're now getting ready for the Canadian championships. The two jumpers then returned to the World Cup tour for two meets Feb 21 and Feb 22 at Thunder Bay. Organizers are already busy preparing "The Thunder"—and praying for wind. ☐

ENVIRONMENT

The cold, the wet and the warm



Two contrary winter views of the same country: Halifax's snowy Citadel Hill (left) and a lunch break in sunny Calgary.

By Warren Gerani

Crazy weather. Last winter it was cold with little snow. Ski resort operators lost \$100 million and some outdoor centres went out of business. Car body shop owners in Toronto had one of their worst years for fender-benders and prayed for icy road conditions, municipalities were rewarded by being under-budget for snow removal. In much of the country, this is a quite different winter. While the East froze in January—a record low-chilling -35°C in Montreal, a near record -31°C in Toronto, record snowfalls in the Maritimes—the Prairies were lashed by sunbaked and unseasonable rainfalls. Calgary and Lethbridge were enveloped in that peculiar Canadian phenomenon, the chinook (see box, page 49), a warm, dry wind that flows down the eastern slopes of the Rockies. Calgaryans lounged in open convertibles, played golf, even roller-skated on the bare sidewalks, while in British Columbia it was rain as usual and moose—bears, elk, moose, moose—had stopped, the beaver was freezing solid and the hot water pipes had burst, causing \$1.80 damage. "I had four plumbers working here one day," he

wearing parkas in freezing temperatures while vegetables and fruit trees withered after a week of successive overcast frosts. In the northeastern United States, conditions were chaotic on highways and in New York City thousands were without adequate heating. An unusually mild winter also continued to punish Haiti's most recent earthquake victims, while in Japan, suffering its

Thermostats are up in the East, off in the West, and the 100-year forecast calls for crazy weather

worst winter in 16 years, at least 60 deaths were attributed to the weather.

Across Canada everybody had a weather story to tell. In New Brunswick, where hundreds of homes were bric-a-brac with power because of a failure in the province's largest generating plant near Saint John, Harry Hayes of St. Stephen's was a typical citizen. Over Christmas, the 75-year-old man visited his daughter in Brunswick, Me., and returned home to find that his all-terrain had stopped, the beaver was freezing solid and the hot water pipes had burst, causing \$1.80 damage. "I had four plumbers working here one day," he

said, "and you know what they get?" In Montreal, it was bitterly cold (below zero for over a month). Passenger train service from Halifax ran up to 18 hours late, while at Dorval airport ground crews had to warm up frozen planes. In Toronto, hundreds of families in older parts of the city had intermittent heat for the best part of a week while the gas company tinkered with the falling pressure. Then Vancouver and Nova wife, Barbara, a retired couple living in the city's east end, had just spent \$2,000 to replace their old oil furnace with a new one. "You give me here that," an exasperated

Vancouverer asked. "Our furnace only comes on when others on the street go out. There's not even gas for everybody as the fuel." Even the city's subway system was disrupted by frozen broken Skoda people, among the many stalled in the packed cars, fainted from the heat.

In British Columbia, on the other hand, the shelves of outdoor stores across the province were brimming with skis, boots, birdskins, poles and clothes as the rain continued. Resort hotel rooms were vacant and ski lessons had no students. "I'm counting on some snow in February," said a hopeful Mike

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Porcupa, a University of British Columbia student who spent \$500 on its equipment in November and has used it only once—in his backyard, during the one Vancouver snowfall in December. And Roy Forster, curator of Vancouver's Van Dusen Botanical Garden, reported that daffodils bloom of the first week in January, a month earlier than usual.

But if this winter's weather seems atypical, remember last year. The summer was hot and dry in the West, wet and cool in the East. The worst forest fires in recent history scorched the West. There was drought in spring and early summer on the Prairies caused by what meteorologists call an *El Niño* block, a phenomenon in the upper atmosphere that was pinned in by two low-pressure systems from either side. The drought was so bad that George Greenaway, a Saskatchewan Wheat Pool agent in Regina, 40 km south of Regina, recalls: "Last spring farmers would come in here and talk about the dry conditions. It was sort of like group therapy."



It's flood victim: a KRS drought please



Rider-riding during a Calgary chinook

Service doesn't keep track, but some scientists suspect there are so many that a dozen classic chinooks a winter. But Premier Adams even worries experts argue about what constitutes a real chinook. The two-week-long warm spell that ushered in the new year in southern Alberta might not be a classic chinook, but the chinook arc on the western horizon and the 10°C temperatures were unmistakably chinook-like, he says.

A University of Calgary climatologist, Lawrence Mendenhall, whose geography department has studied chinooks for 20 years, estimates there are 25 to 30 chinooks a winter in Calgary. And while Calgary may cherish the chinook, "it's a scorching hot sun jumping up and down because one is happening,"

he says. "Chinooks aren't a very good thing for the environment. In fact, they could spell environmental disaster in the long run." Mendenhall points out that winter weather is needed to control insects and pests, to provide snow cover to keep topsoil from blowing away, to lessen frost penetration of the soil, and to protect water supplies. Pollution levels also skyrocket—a 50 to 700 per cent increase—prior to a chinook, and people suffering lung ailments are likely to feel the worse for that, even if they are warm.

It's hard, however, to separate fact from fiction, Mendenhall says. "I read somewhere that the death rate falls in September if there are a lot of chinooks—that's the sort of thing people talk about without having any scientific proof. There are people who react adversely to chinooks. It's something like the full moon. Even though there is no scientific proof, Mendenhall admits there could be a correlation between criminal behavior and chinooks, if only because lawbreakers prefer to work in the comfort of warm weather and victims are more likely to be out enjoying it. And both are more likely to catch an illness because people "dress poorly and come down with the flu."

But health hazards, too, are the stuff of legend. One often repeated story tells of the early settler driving his team of horses toward town when a chinook blew up. The settler, whipping his team to beat the chinook, first lost feet, while his wife, sitting in the back of the sleigh basking in the chinook, suffered frostbite.

—SUSANNE ZWARTZ



million of people "Cold enough for you?"

It is the common courage of conservatism, resting a sense of community, more so even than sex, social, politics, religion or sports. In fact, sex or love, is immune from its parental grip—even a prime minister left stranded and missing on a mountain top in the snowbound, avalanche-prone Alps of Austria.

When the weather is reasonable, the tendency is to quickly forget about it. But certainly it seems as if the weather this month, today, for the past few days in fact, has been freakish, unusual. The victims are hardly to be blamed for wondering what is going wrong, and since the weather is undergoing so important changes. In fact, say the sci-

Feedback to Alberta drought last spring

entists, much of what's happening has happened before. "You get these big anomalies," says Kenneth Hare, provost of Trinity College at the University of Toronto and one of the world's leading climatologists. "They are a normal part of the climate, but you only notice them when they hit you. Most of the time the climate just along in a fairly uninteresting sort of way, but somewhere around the world there will be a drought, a flood, a hurricane, a day or two or months, sometimes even decades."

It's little wonder, then, especially after a winter like this, that man dreams of controlling the weather: to

direct hurricanes and tornadoes, cause perfect rainfall for crops, create up-stream rainfalls or snow for rivers, turn deserts into fertile lands, or just change the weather at whim or will. Except for attempts at rainmaking or cloud seeding, it remains a dream, more fiction than science.

Making rain involves seeding a cloud from an airplane with silver iodide. It's a simple process that sometimes turns the cloud vapor into rain, but any further attempts at weather modification are fraught with problems. "There are any number of cases in the free world where weather modification has been tried but discontinued because of political pressure," says John Bergquist, a meteorologist with the Saskatchewan Research Council in Saskatoon. "You might have a rip-sawer of a storm and the perception is that it is caused by weather modification. It's caused by the atmosphere. There have also been massive lawsuits in the flooding of sewers or waterways because people believe it was caused by cloud seeding."

For the most part, however, man knows too little about weather to modify it. Even the weatherman "isn't bringing dry ice into a cloud and make a cloud rain if you're lucky, but that's not really modifying the weather. The atmosphere is too complicated. It's just beyond our reach. Even the smallest

Comes the chinook with a warm word

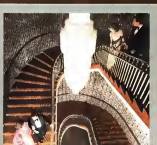
As the tall tale tells it, an old Alberta cowpoke went riding one Saturday, bound for town and a bit of rest and relaxation. When his horse grew exhausted from plowing through the snow, he tied it to a heavily frozen post and went off on foot to see if he could spot the town. A chinook blew up while he was gone, and when he got back he found the town scorched right where he had left his horse—the beast had vanished. The townspeople eventually noticed it—dangling from the church steeple where the cowboy had tied it, thinking the people a fence post.

The Indians gave the chinook its name (it means "snow eater"), and the legends are Indian tales of the snow-eating properties of the warm west winds which can suddenly elevate the temperature by 20°C. Various Indians tribes attributed the chinook to different sources: the breath of a monster wedged in a mountain cavern facing east, a benevolent god called Chinook who was lost in the winter mountains, the wily coyote who captured the west wind as a love but was unable to keep it and had to allow the wind to come and go as it pleased.

How often chinooks come to southern Alberta is debated. Eugene Prentiss, in charge of the Calgary weather office, says the Atmospheric Environment

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hormone is larger than the entire human energy system. So it's a little difficult to believe that we can deliberately modify it. To change it, we are going to have to identify some key trigger mechanism to harness the energy, but that is beyond our present reach."

There is, however, a major man-made climate change coming—it will be a long and slow process. While the earth has been in a cooling stage for decades, most scientists agree that phase ended in the 1960s. Now, however, in addition to the weather affecting man, man is affecting the weather by sharply increasing the carbon dioxide (CO₂) content of the atmosphere. The impact of this tampering is called the "greenhouse effect," and it has dramatic implications for the future of man.

A large portion of the earth's oil and coal supplies has been burned—in industry, heating and through use—in the past 100 years, and scientists estimate that what is left will be burned within the next 100 years if the current rate of consumption continues. While plants remove some CO₂ from the atmosphere, the natural cycle of deforestation, fire and oxidation return equal amounts. Man's destruction of the forests, however, as well as intensive farming and mining—which release



Fighting Grizzly Forest fires cost over a dozen, more fiction than science

long buried CO₂ are polluting warm CO₂ into the atmosphere that can be taken out.

"A reasonable best guess is that 20 years from now the average global temperature will be as warm or warmer than at any time in the past 1,000 years, and it will still be rising," a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was told in Toronto in January. The report, prepared

by the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies in Boulder, Colo., said the existing CO₂ concentration in the atmosphere is 15 to 20 per cent higher than it was in 1800 and that it could double by 2000. That doubling of CO₂ in the atmosphere will cause an average global temperature increase of between 1.5° and 4.5° Celsius.

The implications are enormous. While there will be losers in the world, complex computer models show that Canada may be a winter. Trouble in the present state of knowledge goes little

far in testing, but the truth is that they store away as many facts as they can, depending on the rat harvest. Birds in migration have been credited with the wisdom to take shelter in the face of a storm, but whole flocks are frequently killed by flying into storms.

There are a number of myths about the weather that are as popular as they are wrong. In most parts of Canada, for example, April is the least rainy month. Thunderstorms do not turn with the sun. Lightning does strike twice in the same place. The northern lights do not make a crackling noise. And salt water can freeze. Yet, strangely, it has been found

that some insects have special sensitivity to temperature. Take the cricket's chirp. Count the number of chirps in eight seconds, then add four, and nine times out of 10 the total will come to within one degree Celsius of the temperature.

Weather folklore has been passed from generation to generation through sayings and rhymes. One of the most famous concerns red skies in the morning and evening. A saying red and morning says, "Help the traveler on his way." Evening, grey, and morning red, "Bring down rain upon his head. This rhyme is at least 20 centuries old. According to Matthew, when Christ was asked for a sign from heaven, he said: "When it is evening, say, it will be fair weather, for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather today, for the sky is red and lowering."

Other sayings, however, are not so accurate. Often at the beginning of March, folk forecasters looking for an early or late spring will see the well-known saying of March comes in like a lion, it will go out like a lamb. Environment Canada monitored the truth of the saying over a 10-year period in Halifax. Seven times March came in and went out like a lamb. Once it came in and went out like a lion. Only twice did it come in strong and leave weak.



The myths have it

It's that time of year. Next Monday the ground will be again and clear. Change, too, and more from the warmth of his burrow in search of his shadow. If he sees it, the story goes, three or four more weeks of winter, and, if not, winter will be gone. The problem is that it doesn't work. What if the sun shines on one field but cloud covers another a mile away? Does that mean winter last six weeks longer in the first field than in the second?

Since the earliest days, man has associated weather with the moods of gods, the signs of nature and the behavior of animals. But very few of the supposed truisms passed down over the centuries are actually true. It was thought that animals foretold the severity of winter by the thickness of their fur coats, but male deer, for example, have often died of the cold because they hadn't grown an extra coat. Some people still think that sparrows heard hawk roars of note because they can tell when a severe day

From Papa at sea to heavens above

Forecasting the weather has become one of life's essentials.

While most people rely on newspapers, radio or television, at least three million people around the Old Farmer's Almanac, the oldest continuous publication in the United States, as the weather gospel. Started in 1792 by Robert B. Harris in Massachusetts, the handbook published forecasts based on repetitive weather cycles. That formula was most recently changed when Jed Hilde, editor of the Almanac, hired Richard Hind a National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) meteorologist, as the U.S. space program was winding down in the late 1960s. Hind's job at NASA had been to observe the sun and predict launch dates when there was the least radioactivity from the sun. Hilde says, "I don't remember a winter forecast that was wrong."

This winter may be his first. For the update New York, southern Ontario and western Quebec, the Almanac predicted that winter in 1981 "will be milder." More specifically, "January will have variable mild and cold periods. Snowfall will be near average. February and March will be unusually mild and drier than usual."

Daily forecasters, of course, claim more accuracy. Even before any of them give a report, an incredible data-gathering network has taken place, not just in Canada, but in the whole northern hemisphere. Reporting on the weather, for record purposes as well as for daily forecasts, may involve up to 3,000 professionals and amateurs who take the temperature, measure humidity, read the barometer and observe the sky. Twice a day, in Canada and around the world at the same time (7 a.m. and 7 p.m. GMT), balloons carrying instruments are released 16,250 metres into the atmosphere for measurements from some 1,000 stations around the world. Thirty-three of them are Canadian, including two ships and one of which is always on ice, 1,250 km off British Columbia in the Gulf of Alaska. The other Canadian weather—the storm-brewed north Pacific.

The two ships, Quads and Vancouver, which both go under the code name of Papa, are the primary weather observers. Papa has been judged too expensive, costing about \$6.3 million a year, to operate out of the federal government's Atmospheric Environment Service's (AES) \$60-million weather data-gathering budget, and unless there is a political change in how the weather service ships will be launched in June. The decision has angered meteorologists,



Quads at sea (top). Meteorologist Neil's kitchen adding to the equation



barometers, computer airtime plans, coastal loggers and pleasure boaters who charge that the outlook is ill-conceived by blind meteorologists.

By sticking its electronic finger into a swallow of Gulf of Alaska wind, Papa can give the coast a day's warning about storms. Without it, meteorologists say that their eyes on the north Pacific storms that sweep Canada on prevailing westerlies will be blinkered. "We'll be made between Papa (the national position occupied by the ship) and the coast as far as weather is concerned," says Jack Macdonald, AES's Pacific regional director. Reaching satellites combined with radars and other possible packages of instruments measuring temperature, atmospheric pressure, hu-

midity and wind speed) on land-based stations or attached to drifting buoys are supposed to take up the slack, along with data from freighters and aircraft.

Canada also receives weather information from three U.S. satellites, one of which is polar-orbiting at 1,418 km and two others, geo-stationary satellites (fixed position in space) that sit 35,000 km above the equator, keeping a continuous watch on North American weather. The other tool in Canada's continuous weather watch is radar. There are nine radar stations across the country. Five more are planned within two years and AES eventually hopes to have a linking system that will detect snow flurries, rainfall and thunderstorms within a 115-km radius.

All weather information gathered for populated areas is fed into AES's massive computer at the Canadian Meteorological Centre in Montreal and smaller surface weather events are added to the total picture by meteorologists. The computer models are designed to simulate atmospheric behavior such as patterns of wind flow, large scale moisture and vertical velocity, because it is such lift in the atmosphere that causes clouds and rain. All the other elements on a local and regional scale—temperature, humidity, wind speed and direction and cloud cover—are added to the equation to make up the forecast, usually about 80 per cent accurate for up to three days (85 per cent in some of a perfect sense because of unpredictable variables). The forecast is then interpreted and written by meteorologists and distributed to the public and for specialized purposes—aviation, marine, ground transportation, forestry, agriculture, energy consumption and waterways.

Most times the complex forecast system works. Sometimes, as anyone caught up in the rain without an umbrella would know, it doesn't.

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farther than informed speculation. Kenneth Hare predicts, however, that the Prairies will have a climate more like Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota, and that would make Canadian agriculture more versatile with a longer growing season, although on turn the warmth might bring droughts. A one-degree increase in temperature in Ontario would add 10 days to the growing season—the climate in Southeastern Ontario would become more like that of southern Illinois or Virginia—but it doesn't necessarily mean the agricultural belt would move north with the warmer temperatures because the soil is too poor. The greenhouse effect will also raise the temperature of the



Here, warmer but not necessarily better

oceans, meaning that Canada's fishing industry would profit, because more fish would migrate to the North.

Around the world there may be more droughts, more flooding; the weather could become even more freakish and the climate of whole continents could be altered by new air different warm and cool air masses. A key to climate change will be the melting of the polar ice pack, which then perfects what happens if the region's weather by another four degrees. "The pack ice doesn't do a damn thing to sea level, but what's important is that it's the permanent pack ice in the northern hemisphere that really controls world climate. It's a sort of anchor, and if you take it out, then you have tilted the climate permanently towards a warmer phase."

But if the land ice on Greenland and the Antarctic were to melt, some say there would be massive flooding of coastal areas. "What I think would happen," says Hare, "is that some existing ice sheets would melt away from the upper part of the Greenland plateau,

For the record

Highest temperature: 45°C at Middle and Yellow Green, Sask., July 5, 1937
Lowest temperature: -60°C at Inuvik, Yukon, Feb. 5, 1947
Greatest rainfall in 24 hours: 489 mm at Chibouctou, Vancouver Island, Oct. 6, 1967
Greatest snowfall in 24 hours: 112.3 cm at Kitley, N.C., on Feb. 18, 1975
Greatest precipitation in one year: 8,122 mm at Henderson Lake, N.C., in 1931
Least precipitation in one year: 24.2 mm at Barabara, N.Y., in 1934
Highest wind speed sustained for one hour: 303.1 km/h at Cape Eliza, Alaska, Nov. 18, 1981
Worst flood: The Red River crested at 9.69 metres above normal May 19, 1950, flooding Winnipeg and causing about 1100 deaths and damage to 5,000 buildings
Worst tornado: 30 km/h on June 30, 1914, killing 28, injuring hundreds and causing \$4-million damage
Worst hurricane: Hurricane Maat killed 86 people and caused \$25-million damage north and west of Toronto in October, 1954.

where it will just melt into ice, but that warmer temperatures will tend to increase the rate of melting. You have two pressures at work, one tending to make the ice go away and the other tending to make it melt. I don't know which of these two would be dominant but I certainly don't see any serious change of sea level for centuries to come."

The only solution to the CO₂ buildup, climatologists say, is a cutdown on the use of fossil fuels, but so far no one seems to be paying attention. During his presidency, Jimmy Carter called on the United States to increase the use of coal, thus increasing the CO₂ content of the atmosphere, and energy analysts predict that by the year 2000 the developing nations will have far greater energy demands.

"We started too late, and I'm afraid we may waste time and do damn all until it's too late," says Hare. There is, however, a growing recognition of the problem as an integrated approach—involving climatologists, meteorologists, agriculturalists, engineers and planners—slowly takes place at the United Nations, the World Meteorological Organization and the World Climate Center in Geneva. But until the release of CO₂ into the atmosphere is sharply decreased, instead of continuously growing, weather forecasts can only remain somewhat warmer and even more uncertain. In short, more crazy weather.

With Ben from Thomas Mather in Vancouver, British Columbia, on Feb. 18, 1975, Toronto and David Foster in Philadelphia.

PHOTOGRAPHY



The unfettered flesh

A photographer of fashion honors the undressed

Irving Penn is best known as a photographer of dressed figures. And, as with anyone whose accomplishments are made in the field of fashion—the artist realm of child appearance—his talents may sometimes have been thought to be limited and of fleeting importance. Therefore, when it was presented to the public last fall at New York's Marlborough Gallery, *Earthly Bodies*, photographs of unclothed females, came not only as a surprise but also as a glorious antidote to all such doubt.

Earthly Bodies is a monumental exhibition. It also honors to its creator and its subject and is a credit to its original organizers as well as to the Canadian Centre of Photography in Toronto, where the work is on display until March 28. Jane Corkin, Penn's Toronto dealer and a trustee of the center, was instrumental in securing this exclusive Canadian showing of the exhibit, for which touring plans are limited. The opportunity now to see these images made by Penn over the course of a year (1948-58) is one for which gratitude is due. Penn's photographs, published in



Penne's studies: dressed rolling bellies, nude as graceful as a ballerina pose

Volume since the '40s, typically portray women of byzantine complexity and grace that are out of this world. But, as the title suggests, this show contains as identified women. These bodies are too large and too soft to be considered either lady or fashionable. Beasts are lady, apples peckered, stomachs sag

and budge. This is flesh at its most abrupt. However, such is the mastery of Penn's eye that he evokes from dressed rolling bellies lives as graceful and delicate as those that, on other occasions, he has discerned in the naked flesh of an actress posed by Vincent or an elegant pose by Ballois.

As always, Penn's approach is formal. His eye is precise and studied in *Earthly Bodies*, he achieves the exact detail, impression of magnitude and careful framing evident in his use of classical butts, large blossoms and groupings of primitive people for which he is also renowned. The images are meticulously composed and cropped so that there are no hands, feet or heads. The remaining torso are always deliberately positioned, sometimes to appear the classical statues and at others so awkwardly that they seem awkward.

The 36 prints mounted in Toronto are 20 less than were shown in New York. Deletions were made for fear of obscenity. Judging from what is on view, the censorship was unnecessary. Not only is there variety in poses and perspectives but also, in processing the images, Penn employed bleaching techniques that make for a diversity of textures and tones. Among photographs in which the model is wearing a white robe, there are some in which the luminous dark pile of the material lies in high contrast against alabaster stretches of skin and others where flesh and fabric melt in a continuous, chemically induced haze. Moments come and go, disappearing in a glow of white light or clearly visible along with molten and treacherous of pale light.

In general, the images are not erotic. Nor is that because Penn goes for the seductive sensuality that some artists, when dealing with nudes, inevitably resort to as a defense against charges of prurience. Unfettered and freed, these bodies, though incomplete, seem too self-contained and dignified to mere longing. If anything, they seem to represent fulfillment rather than unsatisfied desire.

Of course, eroticism, the beauty, resides in the beholder, and there's really no telling what feelings might be aroused. Writing in the guest book, one writer to the gallery recorded as comment one word: "Ugly." Exposed flesh always suggests vulnerability and by current intolerant standards of physical perfection, Penn's made females may be especially open to such lush. There has been such a last for leanness in recent years that these full, fat figures will strike some people as being before and ugly. However, in contrast to such man-made thoughts, the exhibition all the more stands out as a democratic affirmation of art and life.

—DAVID LEVINSKY

A bee freed from the judicial bonnet

The Supreme Court's third case dealing with matrimonial property sets a precedent

By Elisabeth Grey

For Ross Becker, it was the triumph and to a no-win battle through the courts. For Chief Justice Brian Laskin, it was the vindication of a seven-year-old dissenting judgment. For Supreme Court watchers, it was a landmark in the development of Canadian jurisprudence. It was the day last December when Canada's highest court awarded Becker, a 64-year-old housekeeper from Franklin, Ontario, Qae, half the value of the \$300,000 beepering operation of Lohar Petkus, her estranged nine-year spouse of 19 years.

Aside from details of time, place and occasion, and the fact that Ross Becker never married Lohar Petkus, her case has a familiar ring. It is the third appeal dealing with matrimonial property whose settlement by Canada's top court will change Canadian family life. Specifically, this case sets a precedent based on the legal doctrine of "constructive trust," which redresses the inequality of one spouse's enrichment at the expense of the other. And the implications are far-reaching. Becker's lawyers, Gerry Langlois, believe that the interpretation could extend to assets other than property or business. "The secretary who puts her husband through medical school only to have him leave," says Langlois, "is left with nothing. Now, she has a claim in law."

When Becker first approached Lang-



Becker's case with a familiar ring

lois in the Hawkesbury, Ont., farming community where she lived in October, 1974, Irene Florence Murdoch's case had been legal history for only a year. Understanding Murdoch as essential to understanding Becker, The Alberta woman, who had worked alongside her husband for 25 years building their ranching business, had lost her claim to half the value of the estate when the marriage broke up.

Langlois took as Becker's case be-

cause he was outraged at her situation. Becker not only paid the bills, thereby freeing up money for Petkus to invest in land, but she dug a septic tank and headed beehives. "She did more work than he did," says Langlois. The Murdoch case also influenced Becker's lawyer, not for the majority judgment that denied its outcome, but for the dissenting judgment of the then-judge, Ross Laskin. What he distinguished Laskin's dissent was the legal doctrine of constructive trust, a principle often argued in the wake of collapsed business partnerships but unheard of in Canadian courts for disputes involving husband and wife. By doing this, Laskin broke new ground and forced this concept into the judicial record. In Becker's case, Langlois drew heavily on the argument of constructive trust, but it is the first read Becker was only awarded \$1,300 and 40 empty beehives by Ontario county court judge, Omar Chaitman.

Five years after Murdoch, Laskin had become the chief justice and there were three new judges when another landmark case was decided. Helene Marie Rathwell, a Saskatchewan farmwife who raised her husband because her husband's labor was too frail to work, was awarded by him when their 22-year marriage broke up, was awarded half the estate based on both "resulting" and "constructive trusts." The result was a constructive trust.

The doctrine of resulting trust has

been argued more often in matrimonial property disputes. To succeed, resulting trust must reveal a common intention proof that both spouses always intended to share their assets equally. Courts call this "the search for the phantom intent" on the grounds that few young couples ever formally discuss such intentions any more than they formally discuss the future breakup of the relationship. Judges have traditionally accepted only hard material evidence to proof that the phantom exists, such as direct substantial contributions by the wife even though the husband's name appears on legal documents. Constructive trust, on the other hand, depends on the justice and equity principle, intent does not have to be proven.

Meanwhile, Becker, smiling from Chaitman's conclusion that her contributions to household expenses represented "risk capital invested in the hope of inducing a younger defendant into marriage," appealed. Only months after the Rathwell ruling, her case came before Justice Bertha Wilson of the Ontario Court of Appeal. She not only ruled in Becker's favor, but she took what some believe was a calculated risk. Instead of relying on self and leaving her decision on the already-approved, resulting trust, Wilson, in Langlois' words, "disgorged the shot on constructive trust." In so doing, she forced the contentious doctrine on the Supreme Court once again.

The court was only too happy to have it. "This appeal affords the court an opportunity to clarify the equivalent state in which the law of matrimonial property was left following Rathwell vs. Rathwell," wrote Justice Brian Dickson, Laskin's most articulate ally on constructive trust. In his judgment of last December, But two other changes were also influential in the outcome of Becker's case. Since Rathwell, not only had another three new progressive Supreme Court judges been appointed, but family law reform had taken place in most provinces, spurred on by both the Murdoch and Rathwell cases.

Now, when a father has access to funds, he hopes to have his 18-year-old housekeeping job and return to housekeeping with, or he says, "I found I was trust," says Petkus pays her the \$150,000. But Becker's case will force lawyers to be more responsive to aggrieved common-law spouses for whom, in Dickson's words, "this is no reason not to apply the doctrine." For Ross Laskin, this case is enough to remind him of the American jurist Oliver Wendell Holmes, who became known as "the great dissenter" because, eventually, his dissents became law. But it's enough to make Irene Florence Murdoch grin that, for her, his dissent can never apply. ☐



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Laskin (far left), Murdoch, and Langlois right: redressing the inequality of one spouse's enrichment at the expense of the other

Spicing up the past for mass consumption

It is an image that tends to beguile readers: a young man of day and self-deprecating manner, in Canadian history. 700,000 people in the house in Boston, at lunch counters in Cleveland, flying into Winnipeg, all turned nose-deep in the latest paperback best-seller, a page-turning tale called *The Cavalier*. "The newspaper says it's the most read and passionate readers who dared to conquer a continent." Incongruous as it may seem, this is the scenario Seal Books anticipates when Blackbird, the first instalment of its multi-volume historical saga, hits North American book stands next week.

The author of Blackbird, and the four volumes to come, is 40-year-old history professor Robert E. Wall. He had nothing quite so grand as this in mind when he started work on his first novel in the summer of 1978, never dreaming of a first printing of 750,000, let alone a \$130,000 (U.S.) sale to Bantam, the American publisher that owns 40 per cent of Seal. In fact he wasn't even optimistic that a novel about frontier life in the 18th century would ever be published, he was simply chafing at the constraints of some chairman of the history department at Montreal's Concordia University. But when Wall received Bantam in Seal's \$30,000 First Novel Award Competition, not only did he make the final but Seal president, Anna Porter, already convinced that there was a market for a saga about the birth of Canada, suggested Wall expand the novel into a series. "It was a gut feeling," says Anna. "I think the subject is so huge. America has never coming out this story and I know there's another American publisher wanting a historical series on Canada."

The reviews Seal requested read like a lesson in market research. "They told me that historical novels are read mainly by women," says Anna. "So they asked me to make the female characters less passive, and to include more sex and some upward mobility." Wall admits to being a little taken aback by the idea of a best-seller written by females. "I suppose it struck me as a little crazy," he says. "I never really seemed to fit Seal's bill. The central character, Stephen Nowell, rises from kitchen boy to a hero in the British-American fur trade that captures Louisiana in 1765. Along the way, he fathers an illegitimate child by an Indian girl.



Wall, sturdy Jesuits, brutal Indian rituals

one who breaks Iroquois code to save her lover's neck in completing the checklist, Wall seeks in great detail of violence, with a special emphasis on genocide ritual killings by Indians.

Wall also made Nowell an American, a boy from Boston kept from his rightful parents by the deceitful Jesuits of New France. He sees no problem in having an American hero in a series called *The Cavalier*. The people who made English Canada were mostly Loyalists. "New being British Blackbird, volume 2, for summer publication, Wall promises more Canadian content by volumes 4 and 5. "After the War of Independence some go north (volume 3) and Aaron, Nowell's illegitimate son, will end up on the Tory side of the Red-baiting."

Readers of Blackbird may come away with the idea that the Canadians are the bad guys. Most Canadians in the novel are Jesuits, who Wall paints with a black and damning brush—priests perfectly willing to break a covenant with the Indians for the cause of their order. Wall steadfastly defends the picture, citing historical proof and his own experience as a Jesuit novice. "It wasn't fair and gross," he says dryly.

With volume 3 due in Porter's hands by June, Wall barely has time to sleep

again, the pace in all part of market requirements. Explains Porter: "You can't go much longer than six months between volumes if you want to keep the interest high." Commuting from his family home in Montreal to his new duties as provost at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey, Wall does much of his writings on airplanes. Yet he doesn't feel the grind-rout pace will affect the quality of the work. An "old-fashioned" historian, "who seizes about the enormous ambition of the profession, Wall seems resigned to a battering from colleagues. "I know I'm going to run smack-dab into the Canadian historical establishment, and I'm not the least bit upset. My prime concern here was to tell a good story." In the event, Blackbird should take a hammering from literary critics, Wall says he can cope with that as well. "I've got a pretty thick skin. Besides, who was it who said, 'I'll try all the way to the back'?" —WAYNE GRUBBS

With pens at rest and defences down

FOR OPENERS CONVERSATIONS WITH CANADIAN WRITERS by Alan Twigg (Marlowe Publishers, \$9.95 paperback)

On the 24 pages of evidence Alan Twigg presents here, we have 16 authors begin to relax their defences. There are also peculiar difficulties in trying to write professionally in Canada, but at least the pubescent eruptions of cultural anxiety and nationalistic dogma that marked the late 1960s seem to have been leveled. Still, there is bound to be argument about Twigg's choice of these 16 writers and no editors, and discussion of the aesthetic or political postures such of them assume. Among solely in such issues and you will find a catch in the logic and design of the book. You also miss the fun. From beginning to end (except when a writer subscribes to a momentary delusion of self-importance) *For Openers* is informal and lively. Yet it has undeniable substantive value, it can help time acquaintance with Canadian literature into understanding.

There are exceptional interviews, wide-ranging ones, tough Twigg commences on tracking the personality of the subject rather than checking off a list of significant questions. Naturally he gives the writers a chance to justify their public personas and tell their favorite stories. But as the interviewer encourages them in their play, their defenses seem to drop and stay down, and writer after writer moves unthinkingly toward what counts most for him. Cer-

tain human themes pervade. There is always the matter of economics—of survival on the merry-go-round of publishers, grants, advances and momentary self-employment. Few writers wrestle with their integrity on anything close to Michael Tremblay's scale. "I don't like TV. I refused \$200,000 to write 21 half-hours at \$10,000 each." But most, somewhere along the line, have struck the bedrock of his decision: "I don't want to make a dime out of myself. It's just a choice of thirty over money."

Twigg is able consistently to lead his subjects to speak about the sources of their creativity or the nature of their accomplishments. And they tell us what we have always suspected. That Robert Kroetsch's admission "If I have failed somehow it's not because I'm too intellectual; it's because I haven't given my books enough emotional weight" (of Alvin Martin's double "Happens as a very hard thing to write about. You deal with it more often as a bubble than's



Twigg, the successful careers

about to burst." Or Marian Engel's pleasure with Bear: "I don't think it's the best and end-all of back writing but I think it's a really piece of work."

Most affecting are the insights—simple, joyous, profound—about the act of writing itself. Dorothy Livesey is humble. "I've never felt that the poetry belonged to me. What's coming through his best for everybody." Rudy Wiebe is direct. "The job of an artist is to make a genuine critic." Kroetsch is Kroetsch. "What you write up in the morning, reformed with that muddled burst of energy, just out of a dream state, you're rediscovering the world. You're being reborn." Twigg's methods work with the writers who have a reputation for accessibility, as well as with a few—Robert Curran, Hugh MacLennan, Margaret Laurence, Margaret Atwood—who have in past encounters with the tape recorder occasionally been distant or unimpassioned. But list readers fear that all is clarity, candor and goodwill in the land of Canadian letters, only to find, at the end of good, there's Peter Truett, lumberjack poet.



This child is starving

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Twigg phantasm undecadent probing

for example, hanging himself with his work book loose. And Trower's posturing pomposity is neatly matched by Simon Fraser's self-satisfied smugness. As an interviewer, Alan Twigg is scrupulously prepared. He appears to have read everything he could find the day before he talked to the person who wrote it. And he gets it well. He's madcap, and can be self-offensive when that's clearly on his mind. He also includes enough of his own personality—sage, helpful, quirky, now and then silly—in to allow his character to emerge fitfully and provide continuity from chapter to chapter. He is pleasantly undecadent in his praise, though rare and then he will theorize. He tries to ease with bill haunts, who comes back. "Yeah, I never thought of that. More, far out!" He is also abrupt with his shifts in direction, able to dart quickly at significant issues. The book isn't all self-gossip, but Twigg has a knack for uncovering and dealing smoothly with relevant pieces of personality, like MacLennan's childhood or Jane Saks's influences. In the finest interview of all, Dennis Leary glows with ideas and insights, many of which don't have to do with books at all, but with the mysteries of parents and children and growing up.

For *Opener* is unquestionably yet thought-provoking. It has brief informative headnotes and good photo-graphs. Heavy by Twigg. The book would rescue the CanLit student with a term paper due in the morning, but it can show him that status and poems and plays are not inherent appendages, but are made by people. He should sleep better at least. —DEBORAH HILL

Back to the scene of a 111-year-old crime

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD
by Charles Dickens, cowritten by Louis Garfield
(Columbia, \$15.95)

There are at least three mysteries about *Edwin Drood*. The first is why the great Charles Dickens, offered by Queen Victoria and half of England, should have chosen to write a

murder mystery as he felt the approach of death. The second, as the title suggests, is the unexplained fate of the dead young Drood. The third, most tantalizing of all, arises from the author's death in June, 1870, halfway through the book at chapter 32: how was the book supposed to end?

Leaving aside the monumental difference in quality between Dickens and Dallas, it's as if the world had never found out who shot J.R. For *Edwin Drood* had been appearing in monthly instalments, and faithful read Dickens stood to each other for the most reasons that families now watch TV serials. Since 1859 Dickens's friends and followers (novelists, scholars, playwrights, even the odd film-maker) have taken up the nearly impossible challenge. The difficulty is not in who shot it, but in capturing enough of the spirit of Dickens to show why it was done



Dickens's last reading: The private man

Best as there's more to *Drood* than a dry study of reviews, there's a taste to *Edwin Drood* than an accepted thriller. The central consciousness in its complex, cluttered pages is John Jasper, music teacher and showmaster, a sweet-toothed and elegant gentleman, as far as the world is concerned. But Jasper is also an egomaniac, selfish with a passion for his nephew's fiancée. That explains if *Edwin Drood*, who disappears at the end of chapter 34, many readers have seemed Jasper to be his killer. The cluster of other characters includes a lawyer and a clergyman who, remarkably for Dickens, both indicate goodness. Although he is so savage as ever about the hypocrisy of bourgeois society, the intimacy of *Edwin Drood*

comes not from its social realism or its ironic trappings but from the inner fury of Dickens, a man who (like Jasper) was forced to hide his private desperation, and his passion for a very young woman, behind a mask of public respectability. This novel begins in an open dream and, far all the portraits of goodness, nightmare wishes every word.

It has never been satisfactory to read the *Edwin Drood* that Dickens left hanging, it has never yet been satisfactory to read a continuation. The style is unique, but Dickens was a master of vision, not just pleasing language, and again wanting to complete the story seemed to re-imagine the world. He had the frightening awareness of a child: society was always new in his eyes, new and marvelous and wrong. Maybe it's not surprising, then, that the latest and best attempt to finish *Edwin Drood* should be the work of a writer without known for children's books. Louis Garfield writes with tact and wit, and although his 39 chapters are occasionally predictable, they're never boring and they rarely fail. This is more of an achievement than it sounds. Part of the fun is that we can not only get into with against two different authors, we can watch Garfield juggling his own wit against Dickens. His version makes *Edwin Drood* very much a story for our troubled times, and why not? By 1870 the educated Mr. Dickens, specific of decent sentiment, was infinitely close to what we'd call schizophrenia. At a few inspired moments Garfield even adds another mystery to the mysteries surrounding *Edwin Drood*: how can he have got it so right? —MARK ARLEY

MACLENNAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- Fiction**
- 1 *The Constant, MacLennan (A)*
 - 2 *The Ghosts of King, MacLennan (A)*
 - 3 *The Day in Babylon, Fidler (A)*
 - 4 *Pleasantville, King (A)*
 - 5 *Race of Angels, MacLennan (A)*
 - 6 *Voices in Time, MacLennan (A)*
 - 7 *Power, Jones (A)*
 - 8 *Earthly Powers, Burgess*
 - 9 *Answer as a Man, Caldwell*
 - 10 *Abolition, MacLennan (A)*

- Nonfiction**
- 1 *The Northern Nation, Gwyn (A)*
 - 2 *Conan, Squire (A)*
 - 3 *Crisis in Canada, Gwyn (A)*
 - 4 *The Case, Fidler (A)*
 - 5 *The Invasion of Canada, 1828-1829, Bryce (A)*
 - 6 *The Montreal Canadians, MacLennan (A)*
 - 7 *The Little Lamentations, Gwyn (A)*
 - 8 *The Canadian Literary Collapse, Smith (A)*
 - 9 *Ball of the Woods, Gibson and Brown (A)*
 - 10 *In Search of Man Alive, Remond (A)*

(A) Fiction best seller

FILMS

No thrills or chills



SCANKIES Directed by David Cronenberg

Sometimes you may not actually do serious damage to writer-director David Cronenberg's rising commercial fortunes in Canada's underworld of horror. Backed with a sensational TV ad campaign which features shots of a test audience chewing its nails, *Scankies* should do at least as well as *Prom Night at the Campfire*. But this mallored movie will put a great dent in Cronenberg's cult reputation, one that has put him on a par with George Romero, maker of *Dawn of the Dead*, as a bold and imaginative master of horror obscenities.

Made for \$4.5 million, more than twice the budget of Cronenberg's *Shivers*, *Robbed at The Beach*, *Scankies* is his first film to look really cheap. The color is murky, the editing jerky and the pacing alternates between funeral and dance. The acting, even by such veterans as Patrick MacLennan, Jennifer O'Neill and Stephen Lack, is incredibly awkward. MacLennan, in particular, shuffles uneasily before delivering his lines, as if he can barely bring himself to speak at all. Worse still, Cronenberg seems to have lost touch with his horror instincts and battles from screen to screen to industrial up thriller and finally back to horror with a disconcerting uncertainty.

The notion of extraordinary powers is already too familiar from Brian De Palma's *Carrie* and *The Fury*. Cronenberg's wrinkle is that his own victims (called *scankies*) aren't preposterous, but seem to be a sort of army of border-

line psychotic mutants created by a drug called *Sphenoidal* invented by Dr. Ruck (McGowan). As the film opens, a smoozer, Vale (Lack), is putting the box on a lovely agent woman, starting at her until she collapses in an epileptic fit. Kidnapped by the agents of a corporate security firm, Vale is recruited to do battle with an evil scanner, Revok (Michael Rooker), who has moved well beyond thinking up the blue-print set to exploding people's heads.

Despite the visually stunning ability (exercised only once in the film) Revok prefers to loiter around a Toronto subway platform, dispatching squads of conventional assassins with machine-guns. Their main victims are scankies who refuse to join Revok in conquering the world as the new master race. Vale takes up with one of these pacifists, Kim (Jennifer O'Neill), who observes: "Wherever you go, people die," and this idea alone for a car crash and war scenes an exploding computer, which makes extra flying on video wires.

Cronenberg must have realized what a mess this movie was in and he made one last desperate attempt to organize it. So, during the inevitable confrontation between Vale and Revok, it is revealed that they are both sons of Dr. Ruck—not just scankies, but super-scankies. As they glare at each other, with veins popping and eyeballs exploding, we are expected to contemplate the deep symbolism of sibling rivalry. By this point, Cronenberg's wrinkle is that his own master set of the shock has the yaws. —BART THORNTON

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New lamps for old

As alienation becomes hate, the West should be offered a Lalonde olive branch

By Allan Fotheringham

Alexander Cameron Ross is a man who has always been slightly ahead of his time. At university, some time before the folk-singer came sweep the campuses, he was a fixture at parties with his harp and a night's gift for songs that perturbed politicians and turned voracious sisters faint. Two years ago, he was the chief writer on the Davy Byrne campaign on the main media that worried precisely of the events that the Keir Royal Commission on concentration of newspaper ownership is now investigating. Most newspapers, wrote Sandy Ross, are "honeycombs of broken dreams." He has been managing editor of this late magazine, he wrote a daily column for the country's largest paper, the *Toronto Star*, he has written a book on entrepreneurs (the people he admires most) of all and he was the one who originated the term "corporate welfare state" that David Lewis heard a while election campaign on. He has been the editor for several years now of *Canadian Business*, a highly successful magazine published, as is practically everything else, in Toronto.

What is interesting is that Sandy Ross, the chap always slightly ahead of the trends, last week moved to Calgary. The day after he left town, he got a down payment on a \$250,000 townhouse. The builder says the day it is finished, later this spring, it will be worth \$380,000. In his first 72 hours in town, Sandy Ross made a \$13,000 capital gain. The reason he has made the switch to Calgary is to start a new magazine called *Energy*. It will be the first national magazine published in Alberta. The province already possesses the only provincial weekly newsmagazine in Canada, *Alberta Report*. After customers reading it would conclude they had better stock up on muskies and trout milk.

What is so apparent about Calgary these days (it will be a great city once Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Southwest News*).

They get it (mostly) is the energy. One felt in a time warp an armistice either from the mass outflow of Ottawans or the mellow oblivion of Vancouver. Lights were on in the downtown towers shortly after 7 a.m. The roar of rush-hour traffic woke hotel guests well before that. At the University of Alberta Faculty of Management's Business Day—at which graduating students met with businessmen who will hire them—there is so much well-lit energy that a visitor feels like an emu.



vary from a *torment*, less affluent land. The begonia in new-wealth three-pane luxury in the light, colors of the country of the big sky, the clean-eyed girls confidently making things to they expect to do in the business world. Not a Daily Planet is a carload. Seventy-five per cent of this business class will stay in Alberta.

Air Canada's west side to San Francisco and Los Angeles is fully booked to Feb. 28. CP Air now runs four charter flights a week to Palm Springs. If you want to gamble, you can fly free from Edmonton to Las Vegas—the casino will pay the air fare of Albertans with so much money they want to lose it. Peter Podkany, the millionaire who owns the National Hockey League Edmonton Oilers (including The Great Gorty) and the Edmonton Oilers professional soccer club, has a surprisingly sensitive face beneath his blonde beard. He's worried about the blindness of Ontario in the energy dispute and says, yes, if the pressures build up badly

enough, he may have to enter politics. "Alberta tends to create wealth," says newly arrived Calgary Sandy Ross. "Toronto tends to redistribute it."

Into all this comes Marc Lalonde, the disgraced but man from Ottawa, who has been delegated to confront Alberta even though his leader declines to travel to the West to display the clout of his office. Marc Lalonde, brisk, confident—"a soldier in the lion's den" in the *Calgary Star* headline—comes to Cold Lake, a town in the heavy-oil district where the expected boom has gone flat in the wake of the Ottawa-Alberta showdown. It is the lack of Peter Lougheed, Lalonde announces. It is Edmonton that is dragging its provincial feet, not conciliatory, reasonable Ottawa.

A suspicion might be made. The impulse is turning the alienation of Alberta into hate. The depth of anti-Ottawa feeling is hard to describe. It is supposed to be the job of political leaders to lead, which means being creative. A creative thing for Mr. Trudeau would be for him to put his mind to slight shuffle of his cabinet which, God in His wisdom known, could badly use it. It should not be entirely impossible to create some discretionary mamba jumbo that would give Marc Lalonde a "promotion." Some conversation was held by firing of removing him from the energy portfolio without it appearing to be a demotion. Pride, in politics, is all.

The removal of his prickly presence from the vital portfolio would be a fair and equal to Alberta and the West. Ottawa would be signifying that it was making the first move in loosening the legions. Fortress Alberta could hardly do less than to reciprocate with some softening of its uncompromising stand on energy and its threatened cutbacks in production. One olive branch deserves another. Marc Lalonde can serve the Liberal government in other ways. The best way he could serve this one is to swallow his pride and move elsewhere.



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